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Fools Around the Maypole

By ARNOLD SABLE, '48



A FACETIOUS spring breeze twirled dried twigs over and over in the field. The sun, beginning to disappear over the horizon, let loose a volley of orange and yellow streaks which blended into a brilliant sunset. To the inhabitants of Springfield this was repose time, when all work was put aside in favor of relaxation.

A boy of sixteen years fled through the field and past the woods, heedless of the tranquil setting. He ran over brittle twigs that were scattered about the ground in cursory fashion. Although he was gasping, he did not stop to observe the pond below the bridge.

When he was past the Great Rock, he came to the old gate separating the Wilson property from his father's. Quietly and unobtrusively he fell down beside the fence and leaned against the splintery wood to regain his breath. It wasn't until he had renewed his

strength that he saw the sun vanishing. Then, he let his body and spirit erupt, for he slumped prostrate on the ground and buried his face in his scrawny arms . . .

Glen Franks slammed the door. He looked at the cuckoo clock above the ice-box and saw that it was five o'clock. His mother was skinning apples over the sink, not bothering to look up as he entered.

"You're late from school, Glen."

He threw his coat and books on the chair. "I know."

"Did some one on the paper route detain you?"

The peels did not fall until the entire apple was cleared of its skin. When she had finished, she began another, with the same meticulous care. Glen opened the cupboard and found a box of assorted cookies. He filled a glass of milk. After drinking half of the cool liquid, he said, "I didn't go."

Mrs. Franks dropped the paring knife in the sink. She murmured an "Oh", and washed the blade before turning to Glen. "What do you mean, Glen?" Her apron absorbed the dampness of her hands when she wiped them carefully.

"Why do you have to ask me questions? That's all I hear in school all day — questions and more questions. Can't there be a little peace when I come home?"

His mother took a step forward, stopping helplessly. "But the paper route, Glen. You never neglected that before."

"I quit; that's all." He took hold of the glass again and finished the milk in one long drink. He put the cookies he did not eat back into the cupboard.

"But, Glen; the route, the papers, all the people waiting for the late news."

Glen took the books into the den. He spread them out on the sofa. "If you are so anxious to know," he called to the kitchen, "I got another job downtown."

When his mother appeared in the doorway, he handed her a newspaper clipping. She took it, confused, not knowing what trouble the tiny symbols on the paper would transmit. She read slowly:

Wanted: Clean, neat boy to work as a general helper in the Thomas Wholesale Drug Company on Elm Street. Must be industrious and have good general appearance. Chance for advancement. No previous experience needed.

Glen was ignorant as to how his mother would express her resentment. Thus he was surprised when she gathered the folds of her apron to her eyes. He went to her as he would go to a household pet in pain who needs soothing voice and restful stroking.

"Glen." That was all she could say between sobs. "Glen."

"I start tomorrow. Are you glad, Ma?"

"You know," she began, "I've always wanted you to have a job with something that had a promise for the future. But I didn't want to tell you or to advise you. I hoped you'd seek advancement on your own initiative. But now I'm glad that you're working in this place."

Glen thought with bitter disgust of the interesting life his parents imagined him to lead. His father worked in an insurance office downtown. He did not know what sort of work Mr. Franks did or how he fared with the company. His father seldom mentioned the office at home. As for Mrs. Franks, she baked cakes every year for the church bazaar and each day washed the front steps religiously.

Then Glen deviated from his thoughts. His mother was still speaking: "It means that you can learn the trade and become what I've always wanted you to be."

Absently Glen replied, "What was that, Ma?"

"Well," she said reluctantly, "I still can't force you. Since childhood I've wanted you to become a doctor."

The answer surprised him. "A doctor? But why a doctor, Ma?"

"I'd be so proud to have someone in the family who could give a little medical advice, someone to tell me if the pains in the old body are those of a call to the Creator; or if they can be remedied by some technical advice. I want my son to have a practice where all the people would come to him and ask him for a portion of his knowledge. It's bad on you when we live so far from the city, away from the people that will support you as you help them in their trouble and pain. Now they'll come to you, and you'll never be alone, never." She tried to hug him, not noticing he was trying to protest her actions. "And you'll never be poor or hungry."

"Yeah, yeah, Ma. Now let me do my homework." His mother let him slip from her arms to the den, where the door closed.

The next day, after school, he began his work as a clean, neat helper in the Thomas Wholesale Drug Company on Elm Street.

For three months he worked without intermission, pleased with the task of dusting, sorting out cartons, and doing odd jobs. He grew fond of Mr. Kennedy, the gregarious assistant clerk. Glen made a resolution in the future he would come to Mr. Kennedy for help in his school science, but that time never seemed to come.

Another stockboy, an obese lad who had been graduated from high school last year, worked upstairs, sometimes waiting on agents and writing out bills of sale. Glen knew that Sol Adams, as he was called, became jealous of Glen, because Mr. Kennedy took an immediate liking to him when he first began work.

One thing which bothered Glen was his official status: "low man". This meant he was the first to do the dirty work. If Sol should leave, another hired boy would be "low man", and Glen could sit back with the easy work.

Glen controlled his anger when Sol used to make the boy run errands for him, usually absurd errands calling for more time and patience than Mr. Kennedy expected of his employees.

Another thing of little importance occurred when Mr. Franks advised Glen one day to go to the library and find some supplementary reading on

medicine. The next night Glen took to his room heavy books; and, after a trying hour of deciphering such words as "choroidiritis" and "hydrolytic", he was building a scale model "Avenger".

Then, one day—on Tuesday, March eighteenth, to be exact—Glen looked up from the pile of old cardboard boxes exploiting the Upjohn Company at the clock. Ten minutes to five. In ten minutes he would be through working for the day. Surely Kennedy wouldn't mind if he did not do too good a job dusting the shelves in the cellar. He wanted to arrange the boxes surreptitiously with only the front part of the shelves clean. After all, only the help inspected downstairs, perhaps if the clock had said ten to four, then all right. But now . . .

"When you do a thing, why don't you do it right?" Glen turned around swiftly hoping not to see the friendly shape of Mr. Kennedy standing behind him. He breathed a sigh of relief when he found Sol, the other stockboy.

"I want to go home when it's five," said Glen, sullen to find someone noticing his work.

"Nobody, including yourself, should cry if you didn't leave exactly on the minute." Sol, in his clumsy manner that caused much breakage about the store, began up the stairs to the trap door. His lack of athletic height, his superfluity of weight burned the air. "See that you do a good job. Or else I'll tell Mr. Kennedy. Remember, you're the low man." The trap door closed.

Glen cursed him, and hurriedly pulled out the boxes until the entire shelf was empty. He rushed along the shelf with his dust rag, not stopping because of splinters. By the time he had carefully put everything in place, had swept the cellar and upstairs, it was quarter to six.

Glen did not speak as he walked on his way out past Sol. He thought, "I'll get even with him. I'll show him."

The revenge came the next day.

At four-thirty, Wednesday, when



Glen went to the back room for sawdust to use on the floor, he discovered in a corner a small glass case which was split across the sides. The case, obviously broken by Sol's clumsiness, was a display advertising medicine pill boxes. On the crack itself was a piece of adhesive tape used to remedy the break temporarily.

All Glen could think of was, "I'll show Sol." He found a pencil where the pads were kept and wrote on the tape, "Sol's awkwardness did this". Then, satisfied at the revenge, he put the pencil back in place.

Before he left, Mr. Kennedy called him over to the back, pointing to the case.

"What did you do this for?" he asked. "Don't you think that's what a ten-year-old child would do? Shouldn't you be ashamed?"

Glen colored. "Then let it go at that. I'm a ten-year-old."

"Glen, I'm not kidding." The boy saw that the usually joking assistant was not.

"What are you giving me the story for? It seems to me I didn't do anything bad compared to what Sol did. Why are you always picking on me? What's the story?"

"That isn't the point, here. This case was supposed to be used for display purposes today, and you had to write on it. I was the one who put the tape on."

"Then yell at Sol. I didn't do the important thing." For the first time in his life, Glen experienced a thrill of power. His face was flushed, and he gulped between words. In his entire life history he had never dared to argue with someone older than he. All the years of being hidden on a farm away from the ability to watch people and see how they live together, caused Glen to cry to Kennedy to turn his accusations to other channels.

"I don't want you ever to talk back to me, do you hear?" Mr. Kennedy found an eraser and began to rub over the lettering, "Who do you think is

going to get the blame for this work?" He paused. "And don't give me any of that stuff about 'what's the story'. If the place doesn't suit you, why not quit?"

"I didn't mean it that way." No, the thrill of power seemed to be ousted by a feeling of penitence.

"I don't care what you mean. I believe I've always acted impartially to the boys; I treat every one as equals.

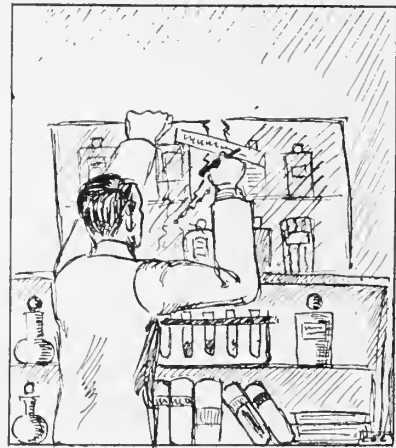
"You always tell me to do the dirty work, and you don't like me. You're always looking for a chance to mock me."

"Glen, it's your own self that has hatred in you. You have to destroy all that. The reason you do all the dirty work is that you are low man. Nobody is trying to make fun of you."

"Then why don't you show me what each chemical is for? I hoped to be able to know something about medicine, after working here a while, and then be a doctor or something. You never bothered to explain."

Glen watched as the words on the case were rubbed out, only the faint outline remained. "Perhaps you had never asked me or given me the opportunity."

Glen was wondering what would Mr. Kennedy think if he cried. He felt like it. Oh, what a fool, what a fool he had been to believe all his hidden fears. Here was a swell guy, who was fair and square with every-



body, and he had to go and pick a fight with him. Hold back the tears, fool. You're a grown boy, and Sol would laugh at you. And was Sol really the bad one? Maybe if you put on a little air of kindness he'd return the same. Sure, but he didn't think of it before; he was the fool. And Ma and Dad. They were always trying to help him. They got him the paper route. And he had rebelled against it in secret. In secret, the fool. They did what they thought was best. After all, each one of us has shortcomings. He made himself hate all the kids in school. Well, it was his fault because he had given them a cause for them to laugh at him and snicker behind his back. Oh, yes, he certainly was the fool all these years. Concealed hate and imaginary persecution was the accusation. Bring him to trial. Step up, next case. Glen Franks found to be convicted of being a fool. A fool. A fool, fool, fool.

Then, he knew now that it was his own voice which spoke. "Mr. Kennedy, I want to apologize. I know I've been a fool." Tears and sobs punctuated his

sentence. Mr. Kennedy did not look up . . .

Glen opened his eyes. He had not been asleep. The breeze had turned colder, that was all. A dirty mist blotted the sunset a long time ago, and soon, too soon, full night would hide the way to the Franks farm.

Glen stood beside the old fence dusting his pants. Some of the dampness dared to invade his trousers.

Then, with a leap over the dilapidated fence that separated the Wilson farm from his, he was on the Franks' property.

And as he ran to his house and to his parents, he touched in his pocket the book given to him by Mr. Kennedy. He would read it all night. First he'd show it to Ma and Dad. They would certainly marvel over "Simple Medicine and Anatomy for Beginners, with Step by Step Instructions to Prepare for Pharmacy Work".

Tomorrow, after work, Glen would accept the invitation to Mr. Kennedy's private laboratory.

Faith

By LEYON D. SAKEY '49

*I only ask that you believe
Because my life can be
No more intelligent or great
Than the faith you have in me.*

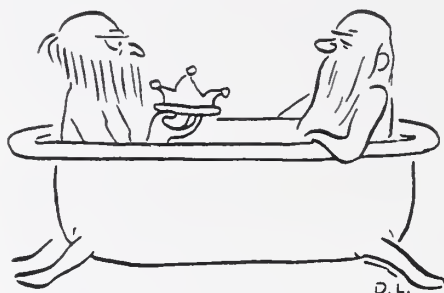
*Believe in everything I do
And every word I say,
No matter what the world may think
Or time may take away.*

*And if I make a few mistakes
Or else exceed my share,
Be not prompt to criticize
Or eager to compare.*

*But hold me always in your faith
And give me every chance;
Your faith in me will always be
My buckler, sword, and lance.*

Two Men in a Tub

By NATHAN AZRIN, '48



YOU want to be a teacher? Oh no, please don't say that again. What's so funny? Hm, you actually look serious, son. Just make yourself comfortable while I tell you about a 'nice' boy named Slokum.

He had just graduated from Columbia Teachers' College as a physics instructor and was addressing his first class. Naturally he was a bit nervous and his voice consequently was strained.

"Many hundred years ago," he began, "there lived a man named Archimedes. Now, one day, while in the bath tub, he discovered his principle—commonly known as Archimedes principle."

To Slokum's great perplexity, a student named Zhurp raised his hand. Slokum straightened his tie, combed back his hair, and then with much gravity said, "Yes?"

With commendable scholarly interest, Zhurp wished to know exactly what Archimedes was doing in the bath tub with his principle.

"Ah . . . um . . . what I mean is . . . ah . . . hm." Slokum muttered inaudibly, "Archimedes' principles was, I think, not a living person."

"Oh . . . he was dead?" Zhurp innocently asked.

Slokum decided additional information would clear up the matter.

"Mister Zhurp," he began, "Archimedes was taking a bath. While taking a bath, he discovered his well-known principle. After the bath he ran out screaming, 'Eureka, I have found it.' 'It' meaning the principle. Now do you understand?"

Zhurp understood. "Archimedes," he began, with an understanding gleam in his eye, "had killed his principle, thrown his body in the bath tub, and then without dressing ran out into the streets innocently screaming that he had found the body."

Slokum was aghast. "Oh, no, Archimedes was a respectable man."

No sooner had he said this than Zhurp jumped up. "What? Do you maintain that a man who murders people, hides bodies in bathtubs, disturbs the peace, and exposes his nudity in public is a respectable man?"

Slokum's reaction was pitiable. "Don't you realize that Archimedes discovered that if a body was placed in water, it displaced its own amount of . . ."

"Aha!" Zhurp triumphantly interrupted. "And whose body do you think it was? The principal's; that's whose!"

Pandemonium reigned. Slokum began to shout, "Order! Order!", and quite obligingly a milk bottle was thrown at him.

Fortunately for Slokum, some passing teachers happened by in time to save the young instructor. He was sped to the hospital. Great brain specialists remained baffled for weeks. When they tried to give him the hot bath treatment, he became violent. His case was all Greek to the psychiatrists, so they advised him to become a Greek teacher. He is now very happy, since Greek teachers no longer have students.

Under the Stars at Red Rock

By ANDREW D. DORR, '48

EIGHT or ten miles from Denver, Colorado, the western plains break into the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. When in the course of time these mountains were heaved up from the bed of the great sea that once covered this part of the world, the red sandstone formations were turned up on edge. Here was born the garden of the Red Rocks with its many beautiful and huge red rock designs.

Erosion helped to create a large natural amphitheatre. During the past few years, the theatre has been so improved that it is now the best in the world, with natural acoustics, and a seating capacity of over ten thousand. The theatre is three or four times as high as it is wide and at the foot of the seats lies a magnificent natural stage which holds hundreds of people at one time. Beautiful low mountains form a backdrop for the performers.

To sit here under the stars and listen to the Denver Municipal Band is to live in another world. It is always thrilling to hear the "Stars and Stripes", but to sit in a darkness brightened only by the stars above and by a light playing on Old Glory waving in the evening mountain breezes—then it is with an effort that you arouse yourself to reality.

On the unforgettable evening when I first went to Red Rock, the concert was but the prelude to the main act, the annual Koshare Indian Dances. On the stage were several magnificent teepees, and in front of each lay the dead embers of a camp fire. Squaws and braves were sitting around, and here and there in the mountain background young people were grouped.

An Indian Chief explained that at a certain time of the year fresh council fires were lit by a young tribesman who

would bring the ember from the eternal fire. As he spoke, there was a ripple of movement at the top of the amphitheatre, and down from the mountain ran a young boy carrying high over his head a flaming torch.

Never faltering, he leaped lithely from step to step, the most exquisitely graceful being I have ever seen. He seemed to float through the air, his toes scarcely touching the steps. He reached the stage, dashed from one teepee to the other, brushed his torch over the council fires, and rekindled the dead embers.

Immediately, under the guidance of the speaker, we were shown, by dances, the age-old scenes of their Happy Hunting Ground. For the ensuing two hours the audience sat entranced, the silence broken only by sighs of rapturous admiration, by murmured exclamations of amazement and delight. The actors, in magnificently elaborate costumes, performed their tribal dances: the rain making snake dance, the devil dance, the war dance, the ghost dance.

The cleverest was by a young warrior who held a hoop about eighteen inches in diameter directly in front of him and through which he jumped back and forth, both feet together, almost faster than the eye could see. He ended by using the hoop as a jump rope, doubling his entire body through it as rapidly as a child would skip rope.

The climax of the entertainment began when there was a movement up in the mountain beyond the stage, and a dancer clothed as a sacred eagle unfolded himself from his roost, and spreading his wings seemingly flew down onto the stage. There on a huge thunder drum he danced intricate steps accompanied only by the tapping of his feet and the clanking of his enormous metal wings. It was the

spectacular Eagle Dance which, on the famous thunder drum, has been heard a distance of seven miles.

I puzzled over the name Koshare, for I had never heard of the tribe, but the speaker finally told the story. Several years ago a group of boy scouts of La Junta, Colorado, started Indian lore as one of their projects. So lovingly and expertly did they present their colorful Indian dances, so thoroughly did they delve into Indian lore for authenticity of costume, so painstakingly did they make their costumes, that they are now organized into an entertainment troupe which travels

throughout the nearby states.

The boys may enter the tribe at an early age and some have grown to go to war and return. They have married, and their children are now also performing with them. The Koshares are today recognized as the world's greatest interpretative dancers. Even knowing the truth, one still forgets that under the paint and feathers are boy scouts, so thoroughly has the spectator absorbed the scene and spirit of all things Indian. It is not until he reaches his own home that he is released from the unreality of an evening under the stars in the foothills of the Rockies.

*The Register is proud to report the receipt of
The Medalist C. S. P. A. 1948*

Meruisti, Amate

By STANLEY F. CHYET, '48

There is a monument, and on it is inscribed:

'Meruisti, amate.'

'Thou hast deserved well of thy country, O beloved one.'

It is the tribute of a people to a great leader.

A stove-pipe hat; a tall, lean figure; a gaunt, sad face:

These were his symbols; by these was he known and loved;

By these he is remembered.

A lover of peace, he was destined to lead his country in war.

He loved peace, but he knew that peace without union and liberty was no peace at all, but a pretense, a house without a floor.

He led his country well, this man of peace, through the storm of strife and passion that engulfed her.

He brought forth from the turmoil the union and the liberty which he loved and for which he fought and died.

And, when his task was done, when the guns were silent and the smoke had cleared, he went away,

This man, who had loved peace so well and who had fought so hard for it,

This man, on whose monument, his country's heart, the people inscribed:

'Meruisti, amate.'

'Thou hast deserved well of thy country, O beloved one.'

The Degradation Of Declamation

By ROBERT S. KOLOVSON, '49



THE audience is blanketed with a stony, subdued silence as the small figure makes his way snappily onto the stage. In another moment there is a wild roar, uncontrollable laughter, the splitting of waistlines—the dam of restraint has burst. Yes, it is 1947, a typical Boston Latin School Declamation is in progress in the school's assembly hall.

But Declamation was not always such a jolly, spirited event. Contrarywise, there was a day not so very far back when the noble art consisted of only the true, genuine classics. Such a thing as a humorous piece was as strange and as wild as a geometric theorem. The delivery of such a piece was inconceivable. The program would consist of such CHEF-D'OEUVRES as "Second Innaugural Address," "Patriotism, the Soul of a Nation," "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Heywood Trial—Prosecution, Defense" et al. But the era of the humorous piece was yet far away.

But one year there arose among the ranks of the oratorical gladiators a foresighted young student whose prudence and vision exceeded that of all previous declaimers. For two years he had complied with tradition. Eventually, however, he tired of the same,

monotonous type of pieces that made up Declamation. Why not introduce something different? For weeks prior to the event, he announced to all who would listen that he was going to break tradition by delivering a ludicrous selection at the next Declamation. He was taunted and ridiculed by his classmates who called him "Mutineer," "Meathead," and even "Communist." Stung but undaunted, the boy did deliver a funny piece. It contained such shocking and objectionable passages as "Knighthood was in the pod," "He ate nothing but food," and "The body was completely dead."

The reaction was instantaneous and explosive. While a meeting of the faculty was held, the boy was suspended from school. The decision of the group was merciful, and he was, as they say, let off easy with a severe reprimand and a censure. It was made clear to him that if he ever dared to repeat such an act of outright audacity, he would be banned in Boston. By such action, the patriarchs of the school felt confident that school tradition would be preserved.

But the dream of this youthful pioneer was realized now by his schoolmates. The cry for oratorical tolerance was soon heard on the lips of Latin School boys. "Let us throw off the shackles of tragedy," they cried. A series of secret torchlight meetings was held in the bowels of the school basement. The movement against discrimination was under way in full fury.

The patriarchs called an emergency meeting. Behind closed doors wiggled heads wagged in disgust and worry. "Comedy in Declamation? Absurd. Such degradation to the manly art. What is this modern generation coming to? We must put an end to such shennannigans. We will terminate their folly."

But they didn't. The student pressure was too much for them. In the course of the next half-decade, the decree was finally passed lifting the ban on ludicrous pieces for Declamation for

eternity.

The wheels of culture have turned in another complete revolution. The day of the tragedy is past, and now it is the comedy that dominates the scene.

My Pal Joe

By ROBERT GOLDSTEIN, '49

THE inscription on the neat, white cross, tucked away in a quiet corner of the tiny Chinese cemetery read:

Joseph A. McNeil 842013415 U.S.A.
Killed in Action—February 19, 1943

That was all. The shaft of the marker was almost buried by the flood of flowers that had been deposited there a few moments before. The two G.I.'s now walked down the dusty road. One of them, his brow deeply furrowed, spoke quietly.

"You know, Herb, it doesn't seem that Joe's been dead for almost six months now. I keep thinking that it was just yesterday that I was playing gin rummy with him. Why, I can still see in my mind the very spot where he died."

The other broke in, "Gee, were you there when Joe got his?"

"Sure, didn't I ever tell you about it?"

"Nope, but I wish you would."

"Well, it happened like this. Joe and I, always buddies, were driving two ten-tonners up to Kuangchow over the mountain road. About eight o'clock on the second night, we were taking the big curve on Liu mountain. What a place! I'll never forget it: a steep cliff on one side of the narrow road, and a sheer drop on the other.

"We were rolling along at a fairly

fast clip, Joe's truck about three hundred yards ahead of mine, when suddenly I heard a loud droning—Jap planes! I screeched to a stop and jumped out. There was no place else to hide, so I dove under the chassis.

"Up ahead I could see Joe doing the same thing. For some reason, the planes, probably fighters on the way home from a mission, concentrated on Joe's truck. One by one, the planes, all seven of them, swooped down and sprayed bullets. Little holes began appearing in the canvas over the driver's seat. All about, the bullets were churning up a cloud of dust.

"Then I noticed that the cloud became suddenly darker, and soon little tongues of flame were licking at the tarpaulin that covered the cargo of kerosene. The gasoline tank exploded with a whoosh, and the entire truck was enveloped in a sheet of flame. The planes left, and the only illumination on the dark road was the fiercely burning fire in front of me. I leaped into my cab, and started the motor, hoping that I might be able to reach Joe and pull him out before it was too late."

Here the second soldier broke in, "Was he dead when you got to him?"

"No, he wasn't even touched, but just as my truck reached the spot where his was burning, he jumped out from under the blazing lorry right into my path. I didn't have time to use my brakes. Poor guy, never knew what hit him."

Let's Unburden Our Youth

By ROBERT S. KOLOVSON, '49



THERE is today among the ranks of our children a terrible plague.

It has been prevalent for many years, and unless it is brought to an immediate termination, it will leave a very telling mark on our youth. The scourge of which I speak is that distorted, mixed-up mess in the form of a questionnaire known to millions as "The Intelligence Test." For years now, this terrible concoction has raised havoc among youngsters, the result of which is the wide-spread delinquency that has our country agog. Although the evils of the Intelligence Test are many, they have gone on entirely unnoticed by our civic-minded populace. Therefore, I am taking this opportunity to reveal and ridicule publicly the Test as it really is in the desperate hope that some sort of public demonstration by my readers will incite a Congressional Investigation into the matter which, I feel certain, will result in the abolishment of the Intelligence Test.

The Test (sometimes referred to as "The Achievement Test") was invented by a crackpot clique of ex-college professors, half-crazed musicians, and Hollywood Communists ("Stan" Tobin not included) eager to strike back at

the cruel world through its most fragile groups, the children. The undertaking commenced in the year 1898 and was completed with all variations in 1902.

The proceedings were carried on in the deepest woods of Maine, where the group lived for four years, completely cut off from the outside world. The Test was introduced into the school system by means of lengthy negotiations carried on between the I.T.'s authors and certain influential politicians while Teddy Roosevelt was busy on the Panama Canal.

Immediately the Test started taking its toll. Look what ensued during the next decade: Woman Suffrage, World War I, Black Sox Scandal, Stock Market Crash. Oh no, these things didn't just happen by chance. There was a compelling force—deadly, destructive, unnoticed. At length the Test became even more effective. Instead of waiting for the child to mature before taking visible effect, it became an immediate force, taking hold of the child's mind while it is still tender. What is resulting? Juvenile delinquency at hitherto unheard of proportions. Every year it becomes worse and worse. Unless stopped. . . .

The actual intelligence test is obnoxious to the point of being ridiculous. It is very cleverly built around three leading characters—Fred, Alice, and Mr. Smith. They are the decoys used to entice the student into becoming interested in the questions. They are the spice covering the candy of question. It is planned by the cunning authors of the Test that as the innocent student interests himself in the joy, the sorrows, or the troubles of these puppets, he is being led into the dark dungeon of dilemma from which the only means of escape is the ramp of reply.

The first member of this very Unholy Three is Fred. "The captain of the team." Fred is obviously the poor nut of the group, constantly asking stupid questions. When not occupied leading "the team," or asking his stupid questions, he is busy eating apples.

Next comes Alice, the scholar. She studies about all the great industries and, consequently, is always in an excellent position patiently to answer the stolid queries of Fred. Alice is an excellent camper and is constantly writing letters of application to directors of various girls' camps in order to obtain a position as counselor.

Rounding out the fascinating little group of mythical characters is the timid and speculative stock-holder known only as Mr. Smith. This frustrated person owns a respectable but antique house, which is constantly causing him no end of trouble and difficulty. His plight is helped little by an apparently hard-bitten boss, who pays him an abominably low salary.

To give you a better idea of just how these three characters are used I will now relate a series of questions that I have uncovered by chance from the dusty confines of an empty school supply room desk. These questions appeared in the Intelligence Test of 1939, Folio 0016, Type 894 Print 253.

SPELLING

(Underline the correct word)

1. Fred holds in his hand a round, red —appel, aple, apple, apawl.
2. Alice got a high mark in—jography, gograffy, gawgify, geography.
3. Mr. Smith earns \$1800 at his job—annooly, anually, annually, anuli.

SENTENCE STRUCTURE

(Re-write correctly)

1. To the director Alice wrote trying to get a job at Camp Lakewood because she was a good athlete as a counselor there yesterday.
2. Bursting at the seams Mr. Smith spent all day fixing Mrs. Smith the cushion.

3. "Why do dogs bark?" Fred asked himself after the teacher did it.

I have often thought that it would be exceedingly interesting if these three characters were to be painted sometime in a story or novel or some sort of narrative. The results would doubtless prove fascinating. Here, for example, is a little ditty that might be entitled:

*How Alice and Fred Saved Mr.
Smith's House*

Walking towards mr smiths house one day eating a apfle fred said to Alice the captain of the team is me. hurrah shouted alic, her gawgraffy book under her arm beginning to skip. there is Mr. Smith. Good morning, mr. smith showted fred. Why do you look so sad? Mr. smith looking at his house beginning to rot and tilting towards the south. explained to fred that he hadnt enuff money with which to repare his roof and walls I think i know what to do for you, cried alic jumping about her hands clapping gleefully. come with me fred.

alice went home and sitting down on a chair with one leg broken and seat sagging, wrote a letter and addressed it to wall st., new york. In to the envelope went ten shiny pennies. Then she ran down the street until her eyes dropped into a mailbox. She mailed the letter and saw fred cumming up the street. Fred she said, round up your hole team and tell them to start eating apills. Tell them not to stop until each one has eaten ten thousand.

two weeks laiter Alice and fred went to Mr. smiths house. here shouted alic giving mr. Smith an envelope looking tight and stiff. Mr. smith opened it and saw a check for two million dollars. Before mr. smith could say any thing, Alice said, I bought ten shares of Amalgamited Aple and after Fred's team ait all those appuls, a panic ocured on wall street resulting in a big movement of that stock. The money is yours, Mr. smith, Now you can fix your brocken-down old wreck. And Mr Smith kissed his wife happily.

Timeless

By THOMAS WELCH, '48



I am poor. I am of your own age but mentally and physically I have become old, wrinkled, and penniless. I am not even blessed with the good fortune to dwell in a cold, dank garret over the Cafe Moinus. No, I reside in the warmest doorways that the Montmartre can afford.

In whose employ am I? What do I do to support myself? I steal. Yes, I am a thief. What else is there for me to do? I am stupid, ugly, and ragged. Yet, I was good enough to work in the underground during the war. Yes, I was capable of losing a father and a mother as well as several brothers. Now, however, I am a wretched thief who ought to be shot. To earn money honestly, I am refused. To steal, I am loathed. But I, too, want to live.

As I stand atop the hill of the Quai de Bercy, I feel the cold mist and I shiver. I gaze upon the lights of the city, and I seem to think that they are trying to tell me that all is not bad. I raise my eyes to the ceiling, and I am filled with a new hope, and I know something is good.

I see La Seine gushing onward, and I picture how I will look someday as it drags me along with it. Yes, it will.

for who cares for me? Whom have I helped? Yes, whom? I will tell you. I gave to my country all that I could, everything that I had save my body and soul which I gladly offer. And what is my reward? I can't even sell pencils in the street.

I am not alone, however. I have millions of companions. They are, like myself, base-born, ignorant slaves. Oh, don't worry. We are. And we are nothing more. We only served as the bulwark upon which this supposed freedom was constructed. And, like all bases and foundations, we are trod upon by the upper stories. Our cries for pity are only drowned out by the louder and hotter promises of liberty, freedom, and equality for all.

I am lost to this world. I also am disgraced and nothing but a miserable vagrant begging for a little justice. But I am not through. I will fight and continue to fight as long as I dwell herein. And then my cry will be assumed by another and echo down the ages. But his progress will be like unto mine, nothing. For men want to live in peace but desire most the things that bring on war. They want happiness but spurn its embrace. For as long as there are wars, until selfishness and lust reach the terminal, there will be many such as I.

And now that you have patiently read my story, the story so often told of late, I will crawl back into obscurity. The same darkness into which your eyes and ears will lapse. Yes, for that is what you have been doing and is the same as you shall continue to do. My story is as timeless as time itself. And therefore, having had my little say, I shall leave you that you may forget. Forget; I don't blame you, for why should anyone abandon his warm hearth for me and my fellow-passengers? Why?

They Shall Not Pass

By PAUL G. DONAHUE, '49

DON'T let anyone tell you that corridor duty is just a chore—dull and uninteresting. On the contrary, you will meet many types—really get a view of a cross-section of humanity. Let me tell you a little about it.

At my post by the main entrance, under the loving gaze of Alma Mater, I settle down with my Latin, say, and hack through Cicero's first derogatory remarks about Catiline. Soon the front door opens and a portly lady approaches, carrying a lunch-bag. It seems that "Herb" has forgotten his lunch and she is sure he has no money for lunch-checks, since he has already spent his allowance for the week. I take her to the office.

Back at my post again, I intend to continue with my home-work, but just then another lady arrives. She wants to see her boy's math teacher. On the way to the office she plies me with questions: Do I know Arthur? Does he go with nice boys? Do I know why he is flunking math? Does he pay attention? To these questions I reply, politely, that since there are nearly 1800 boys in the school, I have not yet met her Arthur. (One thing I do know about him, however, is that if he is flunking math, he has plenty of company).

For ten minutes thereafter all is quiet. My Latin is progressing very favorably. Then the inevitable happens. This time it is a boy who wants to go up to the Library—a suspicious looking character. He is very insistent and doesn't want to sign the record. However, he finally complies. I'm sure he is a spy from English High, but I

can't leave my post to shadow him.

Now I really *must* get on with my Latin, and I *do* for three or four minutes. Another lady, this time. She approaches me, all smiles, looks me straight in the eye; and, believe it or call me what I must be to be writing this, anyway, she asks, "Is this *Girls'* Latin School?" "No, Madam," say I, sadly; "this building is inhabited by trousered beings." Then, since I can't leave to escort her over there, I give her directions and with a sigh of regret again bend over my book.

Then, in this order, I receive, listen attentively to, and escort to the office the following: An irate man who wants to know where his son's glasses are — he bought them only last week, son took them off for "Phys-Ed." couldn't find them after—must be here, somewhere. Son has meantime found them in his locker. Next a frightened kid whose parents think it would be nice to have him attend Boston Latin School. They have sent him over to inquire about the course, the requirements, the tuition. He tries to get information from me and I feel sorry for him, but I haven't the heart to tell him. I think he has heard something, though, because I have practically to push his reluctant form down the corridor to the proper authorities. (I wonder how he made out, poor devil.)

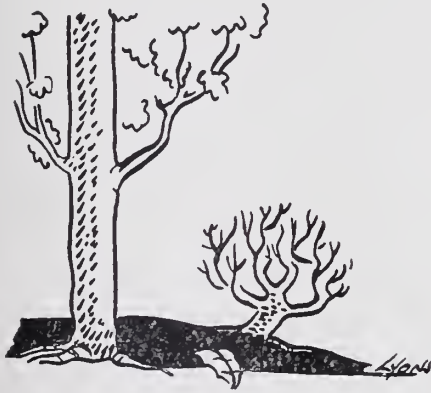
It is almost time for another boy to relieve me, but there is still the lady who would just *love* to see the boys drill and the stray dog which slipped in, and had to be caught and ejected.

Someone take it from here, please.



My Own

By GARETH M. GREEN, '49



IT WAS a trail along which I used to walk daily on my way to and from the small seaside village snuggled in a cozy valley. Never, in all the years of this two-mile tramp, did I tire of the ever-changing outdoors.

In the early spring I would keep my ears alert for the soft note of the first song sparrow, or the bolder notes of the bluebird. From the time I left my home until I returned I was constantly thrilled by new pleasures and by the renewal of sights familiar to me. The walk from the bridge over the brook to the top of the knoll was muddy, and I can still recall the fresh odor of the damp earth. Every time I reached the top of the knoll, I would catch my breath at the sight of the breaking surf, which varied in color from a deep blue-green to a threatening grayish-black. The steep cliffs across the bay rose like stone guardians of the treasured village, and the sky was a changing silken backdrop — at noon bright blue, later to be tinged with the orange-red of the sunset. The steep descent to the village led me through primeval pine wood, where I was impressed deeply by the prevailing stillness. I loved to feel the springy needles under me as I walked noiselessly on through the cathedral-like inclosure.

Always as I came into the village, my thoughts dwelled on the wonder of the trip.

I have often marvelled at the fact that the same path which I traveled in spring seemed so different when summer came. Although spring scents are fragrant, I am fond of early summer mornings when the dew shines in the sunrise like myriads of diamonds. I rise especially early on occasions that I may be at my favorite spot on the knoll when the eastern horizon turns to red and gold.

On other occasions I delay my trip so that I can feel the southeasterly breeze full on my face as it brings in the clean, salt smell of the ocean. In my pine forest I often found relief from the heat of an August sun in the soft needles which formed the most comfortable of beds.

Autumn, too, had its particular fascination. To contrast with the hazy days of July and August, October always brought weather clear and crisp, when at times I could see for miles and when the sky and water agreed on a definite dividing line. Nothing compares with the beauty of the mountain slopes splashed in red, orange, ochre, green, and brown. I used to envy the animals for their thriftiness as I watched squirrels and chipmunks scurrying about hiding their winter's store of food. Autumn is also the time of "northeasters", those violent storms that whip the coast and are considered horrible when actually their beauty exceeds that of a calm day. I wish that more people could have witnessed the ocean as it thundered against the cliffs, sending clouds of spray shooting up into the air.

These storms always seemed to be heralding the coming winter. I never regretted, however, to see Indian summer pass by and the cold winter ap-

proach. I enjoyed trudging through new fallen snow up to my ankles. At this time of year the little brook ran between high banks of pure white instead of the flush green of spring and summer. My knoll was usually swept clean by the blustering northeast winds; and there, despite the cold, I would stop and rest, viewing the white wonderland around me. The pines were always weighted down with snow, looking prettier than a Christmas tree. As I write now, I can hear the snow sifting down through the needles above my head.

Many times during the year, I came home after nightfall, so that I could view the myriads of stars and constellations seen only in the country away from city lights. It was exhilarating to

watch the progress of the stars as they made their way across the sky. I always looked for the first signs of seasonal constellations, especially of my favorite, Orion.

Ever since I have been big enough to walk this trail, I have traversed it daily. Strange as it may seem, I never see another living soul on my trail; and as I grow fonder and fonder of the sights which I alone have perceived—the bubbling brook, the rolling sea, the smashing surf, and the majestic pines—I have begun to think of it as belonging to me alone, more so than anything else I have ever possessed. Everything that I have seen on these walks along my trail, I will cherish in my memory and always think of as *my own*.



The Touch of the Vanished Hand

By ANDREW DORR, '48

*I was a lad, and you to wisdom grown;
You took my hand and taught me
endless lore
Of field and mountain, lake, and rugged
shore.
Each new discovered trail we claimed
our own.
Alas, the gods of war began to moan;
The nation called and you were gone,
—No more
To share with you the golden days of
yore.
Was I to tread uncertain paths—alone?
Now drifting clouds, the song of hidden
brook,
The purple mountains, verdant valleys
deep,
The lazy ferns that flecked the shady
nook
Bestow you peace in everlasting sleep.
I now, a man in memory's pensive
mood,
Still feel you near when I walk through
the wood.*

Lincoln: A New Impression

By W. MOGAN, '48

AT 12:01 a.m., July 26, 1947, in the Library of Congress, more than forty thousand personal letters and documents of Abraham Lincoln were opened to the public, giving the people of the United States new light on the life of their greatest president.

After the tragic death of Lincoln, these papers became the property of his only living son, Robert Todd Lincoln. During the greater part of Robert's life, he was constantly bothered by historians and scholars who yearned to examine these important pieces of history; but, because he feared many innocent people would be hurt with their publication, especially those showing evidence of treason on the part of some members of his father's cabinet, he refused to allow anyone to look at them. Realizing their importance, however, he agreed to have the papers put away in the Library of Congress, to be opened twenty-one years after the date of his death. He died on July 26th, 1926.

The Library of Congress had been most scrupulous in observing the conditions of the gift, so that even noteworthy historians and authors never have had a glimpse of them. They had been carefully sorted and filed by three Library staff members, pledged to secrecy concerning the treasure they were handling. Now that they are opened, writers and scholars of every field are at work with them. One writer declared, "I am in a position of the chemist, who, after toiling for years in the search of material and knowing that an element must exist, suddenly meets the thing itself."

The collection shows the many drafts which Lincoln made and kept. There are numerous examples of tracing some finished speech back through earlier stages of writing. There are notes

which show him thinking word by word, considering each phrase until it is just right; inserting here, deleting there; and finally finishing the paper by signing his name.

His personal letters show, in numerous examples, his courteous effort to get the most tactful approach. Many times, when he had a reproachful letter to write, he would spend much time working it out and then decide not to send it at all. One such letter was written to General Meade, but never sent. It reproached Meade for not pursuing General Lee at one particular time, but Lincoln didn't send it because he was afraid of hurting Meade's feelings. Another instance of a similar sort may be cited: instead of reprimanding a captain of the Union Army for a mistake, he turned the reprimand into praise so that the captain's morale was definitely raised.

There are only fragments of one paper, but still enough of it to make the thought intelligible of what Lincoln considered the legitimate object of government: "... To do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but who cannot do at all, or cannot do so well, for themselves."

The meaning of liberty, so often debated in the United Nations today, was discussed by Lincoln more than once. One of his most eloquent treatments of the theme, uttered on April 18, 1864, is as apposite in 1948 as it was then. Speaking at a fair in Baltimore to raise money for aiding the sick and wounded, he gave a definition of liberty which is of enduring interest to men everywhere. Lincoln said:

"The world has never had a good definition of the word 'liberty,' and the American people just now are much in want of one. We all declare for liberty, but in using the same word we

do not all mean the same thing. With some the word 'liberty' may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself, and the product of his labor; while with some others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labor. Here are two, not only different, but incompatible things, called by the same name . . . 'liberty.' And it follows that each of the things is, by the respective parties, called by two different and incompatible names—'liberty' and 'tyranny'."

Also we find in the well-known Mexican War Speech his idea of military glory: ". . . that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood."

We Americans, moreover, have such confidence in the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln that we would rather have his opinion on a public matter that puzzles us than that of any other American. People never cease asking what Lincoln would say about this, what Lincoln would say about that. It is not so much what Lincoln said on a subject that is important, as it is for us to get a clear understanding of his mental attitude in facing problems. His papers illustrate his tenacity in solving his problems. Take, for instance, our issue of racial discrimination. Lincoln would counsel us not to let go until we finished the job. As he advised a young lawyer, ". . . Go at it like a dog at a root." He knew that you couldn't uproot a bush which had

been allowed to spread deeper and deeper into unexpected places. He then would go ahead on this "discrimination" question until he came to its solution. He would call this a "durable question," a job that required time and patience. He knew that there had to be trials, gains, mistakes, and failures in the process. To him the "Emancipation Proclamation" was merely an experiment, like all new policies. "We are like whalers," said he one day, "who have been long on the chase. We have at last got the harpoon in the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one flop of its tail, he will send us all into eternity." There was never any insistence, however, that his was the best or the only way.

It is revealed through these letters that Lincoln valued unity at home above partisanship; that he thought of democracy in international dimensions; that his method was moderation in all; that he had an ideal for the lasting peace among nations.

There are hundreds of hand-written sheets, and one can only wonder how he ever lived through it all. As one old friend from Tennessee wrote: "When I think of your incessant labors, I wonder to myself how you ever live, as you are not superhuman and cannot any more do without sleeping, eating, and rest than other men, nor extend the day and night beyond twenty-four hours. . ."

CLOTHES STRATEGY

The right clothes are important to a fellow's fun, good-looks and comfort . . . it's smart strategy to choose your clothes at Kennedy's Undergrad Shops,—long noted for school apparel that more than makes the grade.



KENNEDY'S
UNDERGRAD SHOP

The Staff of Life

By PHILIP C. FLADERMAN, '48



TRADITIONALLY bread is the staff of life. Every nation known to us has practiced the art of bread-making. We have little doubt that the Romans ate bread. However, thinking back through all the literature we have read in this school, can any of us remember any Roman bread, a bread-making? Save for the slight allusion to it in Book I of the "Aeneid", I would venture to say not.

The profound lover of nature, Thoreau, in his inspiring monument to her, reserved space for this seemingly irrelevant fact. He wrote the recipe for Roman bread twenty centuries after its inception. I shall take the liberty of quoting him: *Panem depsticium sic facito. Manus mortariumque bene lavato. Farinam in mortarium indito, aquae paulatim addito, subigitoque pulchre. Ubi bene subegens, defingito coquitoque sub testu.*" And he gives

this translation: "Make kneaded bread thus. Wash your hands and the trough well. Put in the meal, and add water gradually and knead it thoroughly. When you have kneaded it well, mold it and bake it under a cover"*

There was no mention of yeast in the rising. The Roman loaf of bread was round and flat instead of oblong and fluffy. Its lightness was very dubious. Most likely many of these breads were prepared to make them storable for long periods of time. These then, being hard, might be used to reward some poor actor at the theatre. Or some timid Gaul, circumspectly sticking his wary head above his protective wall, might be 'beaned' with a loaf from one of Caesar's machines.

The flour was coarse and the utensils for preparing the loaves were not as highly perfected as today. On the whole, the finished products were not comparable to our vast variety and quality of such food. Roman bread was more similar to the Russian and French peasant bread which have the typical durability but accompanying coarseness of its classic predecessor. I would prefer our modern product to a steady diet of such bread. However, I can see where there is no difference in nutrition; and, perhaps, Roman bread might have been more suitable because of its greater bulk. Still, our bread is more palatable, for it has the benefit of scientific production and improvement. This compensates for loss of bulk and places the two on a par food value.

*"Walden" Chap. I p. 87 quoted from Marcus Pacius Cato.

America's Up And Coming Sport

By MERRILL GOLDWYN, '48



W EIGHT-lifting has been growing in popularity for years. It all began with the circus strongman who challenged anybody to lift as much as he could. These exhibitions usually inspired some youth to become strong and emulate the circus "muscle-man". Consequently competition began to develop and soon was flourishing. Weightlifting became recognized as a sport, and official contests were and are held every year under the rules of the A.A.U. This sport soon operated on an international basis and gained its way into the Olympics. America has always been justly proud of its crack Olympic team. Now in 1948 weightlifting has reached immense popularity and is a regular feature of every gym in the U. S. There are many huge gyms, devoted exclusively to weight training.

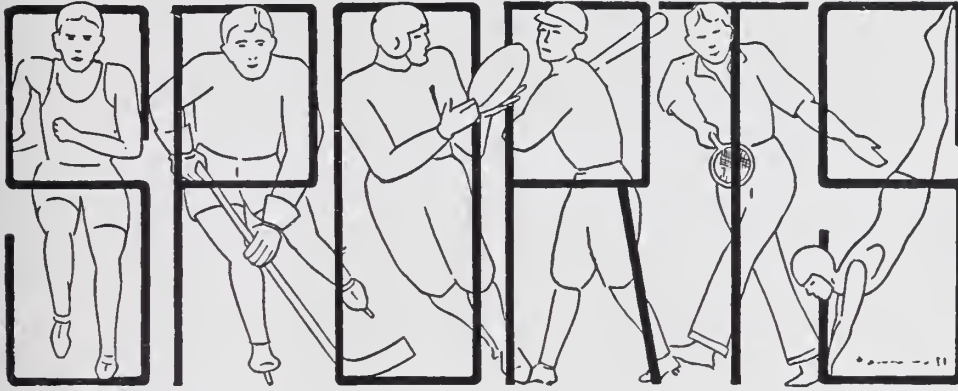
Weight training has long been accepted as the best method of scientific body building. Many hospitalized veterans have been rehabilitated by the use of progressive weights. Some of the physiques, sported even by young fourteen-year-old body-builders, create quite a bit of admiration. Youths who correctly apply themselves to such work are building a powerful foundation that will serve them well throughout life.

Many athletes use "Iron Pills" as a means of improving their ability. Wrestlers, boxers, football players, swimmers, golfers, and even runners use weights.

This year the U. S. won every event in every class. The most spectacular event was the one in which an eighteen-year-old won the middleweight title with a lift of three hundred nineteen pounds! Another amazing fact is the winning of second place in "The Most Muscular Man" contest by another eighteen-year-old!

These titles, plus the honor and recognition that accompany them, are tremendous incentives and stimuli to weight training. This pastime is not confined to the young. Men up to the age of ninety have been known to take up weight training and benefit by their use. Many girls and young women use weights to streamline their figures. Weight training can be practised in the home as well as in the gym. Thousands practise in the privacy and convenience of their own houses.

The health, strength, and happiness of America's people have been greatly advanced and enhanced by progressive weight training. At the rate this popular pastime is progressing, I would not be surprised to see the barbell as important as the baseball and football in the average home's athletic equipment.



Hockey

Latin Trounces Memorial

January 9: Displaying a strong offensive as well as an alert defensive, the 1948 Purple and White pucksters overwhelmed a game Memorial sextet, 6-0.

During the first five minutes of play, neither team threatened to score, but at 5:50 "Al" Quirk slapped in "Gene" Higgins' rebound to put Latin in the lead. This was the only score of the period, although "Joe" Crehan came in on top of the Memorial goalie only to be stopped.

In the second period, Latin sewed up the game by a barrage of three goals. "Al" Stein scored the first goal when he soloed in from center ice. Stein's goal was followed by two by "Joe" Crehan, assisted on each by "Gene" Higgins. Throughout the period, Latin hemmed Memorial in their own zone, peppering the goalie with many shots.

Latin racked up its last two scores

in the final period. Quirk scored the first one, unassisted, and Stein the final one on a long pass from "Tom" Kent.

Line-Up

Latin: O'Keefe, g.; Connolly, ld.; Quirk, rd.; Higgins, lw.; Stein, c.; Crehan, rw.

Latin Spares: Connors, Kent, Leary, Kenneally, Stevens, Haroules, O'Brien, Altmeyer, Fechter, Lyons, Mahoney, McLaughlin.

Scraping the Ice

Mr. Lambert used both O'Keefe and Altmeyer in the goal, but neither had any difficult saves . . . "Charlie" Connors was moved up to first defense during the second period, and teamed well with Quirk in holding back the Memorial forwards . . . Latin had both Crehan and Cleary in the penalty box, at one time in third period, but Memorial failed to score.

Tech Humbles Latin

January 16: Handicapped by the loss of center "Al" Stein and by the time spent in the penalty box, Latin's puck-chasers could do little against a strong Tech sextet. The game was rough from start to finish, with the over-anxious Latins receiving sixteen of the eighteen penalties handed out.

Being shorthanded in the first few minutes of play, neither team could

form much of an attack. However, at the five- and seven-minute marks, with Charlie Connors in the penalty box, Tech rammed in goals. The first goal was a screaming shot from the blue line, while the other was on a rebound after "Joe" O'Keefe had made a fine save.

The second and third periods found our boys struggling to cram themselves

into the penalty box. While this was going on, Tech pushed three goals by our defenseless goalie.

Sitting in the Box

"Gene" Higgins was banished from next week's game because of the major penalty he received in the third period . . . "Joe" O'Keefe's good goal tending kept the score down to 5-0 . . . "Gene" Higgins' six penalties brought

his total for the year to eight, making him the league's bad man . . . "Joe" Crehan had Latin's only breakaway, but his shot was wide.

Line-Up

Latin: O'Keefe, g.; Quirk, rd.; Connolly, ld.; Higgins, rw.; Connors, c.; Crehan, lw.

Latin Spares: Keneally, Haroules, Kent, Stevens, Saxe.

Latin Buries Trade

January 23: Sparked by "Joe" Crehan, who scored four goals and assisted in another, the Purple and White sextet swamped Trade school, 6-0.

Latin scored once in the first period on a beautiful pass play: Crehan scoring, "Al" Stein setting him up. Throughout the period, the speedy Purple and White put on the pressure, but had no luck around the goal.

In the second period, Crehan put the game on ice, slanning in three goals. With Connors in the penalty box, Crehan and Stein combined forces to give Latin three goals within one minute.

In the final stanza, "Joe" Stevens took a pass from "Joe" Connolly and tucked in Latin's sixth and final goal.

Flashing the Red Light

Crehan played on all four lines, trying to break the conference record . . . Mr. Lambert cleaned the bench in the third period, giving all the subs a chance . . . "Shorty" Mahoney, a hundred-pound dynamo, gave the heavier boys a lesson on how to check . . . O'Keefe and his relief, Altmeyer, had an easy time in the nets, having but three routine saves.

Line-Up

Latin: O'Keefe, g.; Quirk, rd.; Connors, ld.; Stevens, rw.; Stein, c.; Crehan, lw.

Latin Spares: Kenneally, Leary, Haroules, Connolly, Gagan, Kent, Altmeyer, O'Brien, Lyons, McLaughlin, Fechter, Mahoney, Mulhern, Saxe.

Latin Edges Commerce

The Purple and White pucksters remained in the running for the Conference championship by nosing out the bookkeepers of Commerce, 2-1.

Commerce opened the first period with a quick goal, when "Jim" Tighe rifled a shot past the screened Latin goalie. At the midway mark of the period, however, "Gene" Higgins picked up a pass from "Charlie" Connors and caught the far corner of the net, tying the score.

"Al" Stein put Latin in the lead in the second period when he took a pass out from "Joe" Crehan and beat the Commerce goalie. This tally proved to be the decisive one, as neither team could score in the remaining minutes of play. Commerce did threaten twice in the final thirty seconds with clear

shots at O'Keefe, but the Latin goalie turned them aside.

Avenue Champs

"Gene" Higgins' goal was his first of the year . . . The win made Latin hockey champs of Ave. Louis Pasteur . . . "Badman" Higgins received Latin's only penalty and marked his tenth visit to the Bastille . . . O'Keefe's goaltending saved the day several times, especially when a certain defenseman (wearing number 22) held the puck too long in front of his own goal.

Line-Up

Latin: O'Keefe, g.; Connors, rd.; Quirk, ld.; Crehan, rw.; Stein, c.; Higgins, lw.

Latin Spares: Connolly, Gagan, Stevens, Kenneally, Leary.

Latin Nips Dorchester

February 13: The Purple and White puck chasers squeezed out a 2-1 victory in the final minutes of play to defeat a determined Dorchester team. The win put our boys in a three-way tie for the conference title.

Neither team could dent the nets in the first period. Dorchester seemed to be settling for a scoreless game as they refused to penetrate the Latin zone.

Late in the second period Latin went ahead when "Joe" Crehan's long shot dribbled by the amazed Dorchester goalie. The shot seemed very easy to stop, but the Red and Black goaltender couldn't handle it.

Latin protected its lead carefully in the final period, but at the mid-way mark both "Al" Quirk and "Gene" Higgins were thumbed to the penalty box. Dorchester took advantage and quickly tied the score. However, two

minutes before the final bell, Crehan took a pass from "Al" Stein and gave Latin its third straight victory.

Line-Up

O'Keefe, g.; Connors, rd.; Quirk, ld.; Crehan, rw.; Stein, c.; Higgins, lw.

Spare: Connolly, Gagan, Kent. Stevens, Leary, Kenneally.

Ice Pickings

Next week's game with rival English will decide who plays Tech for the intown championship . . . The winner of that game plays the district champ for the conference title and the right to play in the Metropolitan tourney . . . "Joe" O'Keefe turned in another fine game in the goal . . . Dorchester's goal was slightly tainted, O'Keefe deflected the puck onto a Dorchester stick and the Red and Black wing shot it home.

Latin Stops English

February 23: Playing alert hockey Latin's pucksters downed traditional rival English, 2-1. The win enables the Purple and White to play Tech for the intown championship.

The first period was even in territorial play, with neither team able to put on the red light. Each team was short-handed twice in the first period, but neither could take the advantage and score.

English broke the spell early in the second period when "Buck" Jennings took a pass in front of the Purple net and shot it past our unprotected goalie. A short time later, "Gene" Higgins took the puck behind his own net and soloed the length of the ice to score. Thirty seconds before the period ended, "Joe" Crehan finished off a pass play from Higgins and "Al" Quirk.

Latin dominated the play throughout

the final period and continually held back the Blue and Blue forwards. English swept in on O'Keefe several times, but he held them off as the final bell rang.

Line-Up

O'Keefe, g.; Connors, rd.; Quirk, ld.; Crehan, rw.; Stein, c.; Higgins, lw.

Spare: Kent, Connolly, Gagan, Leary, Stevens, Kenneally.

Traditional Rivals

The victory enabled Latin to avenge the Thanksgiving day game . . . For the third straight game Coach Lambert's boys triumphed by the score of 2-1 . . . "Al" Quirk and "Shel" Fechter will be able to command respect from their brothers, both of whom started for the boys from Montgomery St.

Latin Edges Tech

February 25: Coming from behind twice, Latin overcame the unbeaten Tech sextet to gain the intown title. The victory gave Latin the right to play Hyde Park, the district champ, for the conference title.

Tech went out to an early lead in the first period when "Joe" Thibeault popped in a goal from close up.

Early in the second period "Joe" Crehan tied the score, smashing in "Gene" Higgins' rebound. Tech took back the lead when defenseman "Hal" Maddock soloed the length of the ice to score. However, one minute later Crehan again tied the score assisted by Higgins and Stein.

In the third minute of play in the final period, "Al" Stein took a pass

out from Crehan and amid a mass of players slipped the puck in. For the remainder of the period Latin held off the Tech attacks.

Line-Up

O'Keefe, g.; Connors, rd.; Quirk, ld.; Crehan, rw.; Stein, c.; Higgins, lw.

Spares: Kenneally, Stevens, Gagan, Connolly.

City Champs

Tech put on the pressure after Stein's goal, but "Joe" O'Keefe's fine goal tending held them off . . . The victory avenged the five-to-nothing white-washing Tech scored in the second game of the season . . . Tech relinquished its city championship after reigning for the last three years.

Hyde Park Defeats Latin

February 28: Hyde Park stopped Latin's win streak at five games and won the conference title by defeating the Purple and White sextet in overtime, 5-2. The Purple and White boys fought valiantly but vainly in the overtime period.

"Joe" Stevens put Latin into an early lead at the three-minute mark of the initial period when he picked up a loose puck and scored.

The second period started off slow, but at the seven-minute mark "Bill" Brady tied the score for the Parkers.

Both teams scored once in the final period, forcing an overtime period. "Bob" Walsh scored early in the period for the district champs, but at the mid-way mark of the period "Joe" Crehan tied up the score for the Latins.

The extra period was too much for the tired Latin pucksters. "Don" Leavitt scored two quick goals for Hyde

Park to crush the Purple hopes. To insure a Parker victory "Bill" Brady scored his second goal. The game was tough to lose as the boys came from behind in their last four games but just didn't have it today.

Line-Up

O'Keefe, g.; Connors, rd.; Quirk, ld.; Crehan, rw.; Stein, C.; Higgins, lw.

Spares: Kent, Connolly, Leary, Stevens, Kenneally, Gagan.

Purple Blues

Coach Lambert and his boys must be given credit for their fine showing on arena ice bringing the school the intown hockey title . . . Today's game was the last for the entire first team, which will be wiped out by graduation. It will be up to the remaining boys of the squad to fill in their skates for another title next year.



Basketball

Latin Conquers Charlestown

The Latin School basketball team started the 1948 season off on the right foot today, as they licked a stubborn Charlestown High five by a score of 41-35.

Charlestown took an early lead when Lynch, their high scorer for the day, sank a long set shot. They held this advantage for the duration of the first period and led at the end of the period by a score of 12-9. It seemed as though the Latin defense could not stop the long set shots of the Charlestowners.

In the second period, the Latins showed some signs of life; and because of their aggressiveness, they repeatedly stole the ball away from the surprised Charlestown five. Walsh and Locore flipped in one-handers, and Collins pushed in a rebound to close the gap to within one point of equalizing. Then with about 20 seconds left for the half, Walsh sank another basket to put Latin in the lead for the first time. Pandemonium broke loose in the gym. The score was 21-20 in favor of Latin at the half.

After the rest period, the two teams came back on the floor, both determined to break the game wide open. The lead see-sawed back and forth until "Dick" Walsh pushed in a basket and two foul shots to give the Purple and White a fairly comfortable lead. Latin School continued to dominate the play for the rest of the game as

Skinner made good on two foul shots from the floor for "insurance points". Then, with about a minute and a half left, Latin began to freeze the ball, and MacLeod made the final basket on a set shot from the corner just as the game ended.

Double Dribbles

"Charlie" MacLeod had the distinction of scoring the first and last points of the day for Latin School.

"Dick" Walsh was high scorer with 16 points, including four foul shots. Kent, for Charlestown, had five foul shots but only nine points.

It is interesting to note that both teams had 16 free throws. Latin showed a slight supremacy in this department, sinking 11 to Charlestown's 9.

The Jayvees, paced by little "Eddy" Ayers, who scored 8 points completely overpowered the Charlestown J.V., 28-4.

LINEUP

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Sullivan, rf	1	0	2
Locore, rf	1	2	4
Walsh, lf	6	4	16
Doherty, lf	0	0	0
Skinner, c	3	2	8
MacLeod, rg	1	1	3
Wood, rg	0	0	0
Collins, lg	3	2	8
	—	—	—
	15	11	41

Latin Nips Jamaica Plain

In a game that was packed with thrills from start to finish, "Dick" Walsh sank the winning basket just as time was running out to give Latin School a very well-earned victory over Jamaica Plain High School.

"Fran" Collins started the day's scoring with a neat one-hander, but

then, much to the dismay of the Latin rooters, the tall center became too anxious, and committed four fouls in a row. This paved the way for J.P. to take the lead. Walsh and Skinner each sank a basket in an effort to tie the score, but McCarthy, the star forward of Jamaica, was evidently too

much for Latin to handle, and the Jamaicens led at the end of the quarter, 18-14.

The second quarter saw Jamaica edge out further in front of Latin as Quinlan, their classy center, took over in the scoring department. The Latin subs were up to the occasion as "Ed" Collins pushed in a lay-up shot and Wood dropped in a foul shot, but this wasn't enough as Jamaica Plain always came roaring back down the court to add to its lead. The half-time score showed J.P. 27, Latin 22.

Both teams started the third period warily, as Jamaica intended to hang on to its lead, and Latin was determined to stop the J.P. attack. It was nip and tuck all the way, as every time Latin closed the gap, J.P. lengthened it again.

Going into the last quarter, Jamaica led by five points. They were over-anxious, however, enabling Walsh and Doherty to sink foul-shots to make the score 41-38. Coach Patten then sent in "Franny" Collins, who had been kept out most of the game because of the four fouls against him. A minute later, Collins was awarded two foul shots and he made both of them good to make the score 40-41. Skinner leaped high in the air to bat in a rebound and put Latin in the lead, 42-41. This lead, however, was short-lived as a foul was called against Latin, and the J.P. player made the shot. With only 45 sec-

onds left in the game, "Dick" Walsh tried a one-handed hook shot, and the ball arched perfectly through the nets to win the game for Latin School.

Double Dribbles

There were 43 personal fouls in today's game, but "Dick" Walsh, who played the entire game, had only one called against him.

"Steve" Patten looked like an expectant father during the last period today, as he paced up and down the floor while his charges were coming from behind to win.

It was very fortunate for Latin School today that McCarthy and Quinland, the two stars of Jamaica Plain, were forced from the game in its last minutes, via the foul route.

The Jayvees won again by a score of 30-14 as Ridge led the pack with 9 points.

BOX SCORE

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Sullivan, rf	0	0	0
Locore, rf	1	0	2
Walsh, lf	4	5	13
Collins, f,c	1	2	4
Wood, c	0	2	2
Doherty, c	0	1	1
Dowd, c	0	0	0
MacLeod, rg	1	3	5
Collins, E., rg	1	0	2
Skinner, lg	7	1	15
	—	—	—
	15	14	44

Latin Loses to East Boston

Playing in the Boston Garden for the first time this year, the Latin team could not seem to do anything right during the first half today. This proved to be the difference in the final score, as East Boston High School was victorious, 37-23.

During the first period East Boston completely outclassed Latin with their fancy passing and accurate shooting. Strange as it seems, Latin was shut out during this quarter, while "Eastie" was racking up thirteen points. In the second quarter, "Duke" Skinner scored

the first point for Latin School when he sank a foul shot. But Eastie continued to pour it on, and despite a basket by Skinner and one by "Ed" Collins, they led at the end of the half by the unbelievable score of 25-5.

The third period saw the same type of play that was exhibited in the first half, as Latin's sole points came on two foul shots by "Dick" Walsh and one by MacLeod. The score going into the last period was 35-8, and not in Latin's favor.

It took the boys three periods to get

used to the Garden floor, but finally they did so; and in the last period, they played the kind of ball that they are really capable of. The Purple looked like an altogether different team as they completely outfought and outplayed Eastie. In this period, Latin sank fifteen points while limiting East Boston to two. This helped to make the final score a little more presentable, 37-23.

Double Dribbles

Everybody on the squad was used in today's game except injured "Jim" Walsh. "Jim" hopes to be able to play again in the near future.

"Chester" MacLeod did not allow his man to score a single point today, nor did he commit a solitary foul.

Eliot Corman, stellar guard on last year's championship quintet, was present at today's game. Corman is on the Harvard Freshman team, which played right after the schoolboy double-header.

Both Latin and East Boston hit a .500 pace in the foul department today, as Latin sank 11 out of 22, and E.B. made good on 5 out of 10.

LINE-UP

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Sullivan, rf	0	2	2
Locore, rf	0	0	0
Wood	0	0	0
Walsh, D., lf	2	4	8
Doherty, lf	0	0	0
Walsh, T., lf	0	0	0
Skinner, c	1	2	4
Semans, c	1	0	2
Collins, F., rg	0	0	0
Dowd, rg	0	0	0
McLeod, lg	1	1	3
Collins, E., lg	1	2	4
Fox, lg	0	0	0
Manishin, lg	0	0	0
	6	11	23

Latin Loses to Technical

The Purple and White looked like world-beaters during the first half today, but in the second half, they suddenly fell apart as Technical put on a last period rally to win, 33-27.

Walsh and MacLeod started festivities with a basket apiece to give Latin a quick 4-0 lead. After a foul shot was racked up by Technical, MacLeod threw in another basket, and "Elmore" Collins also chipped in with one. Tech's star, Lathuras, dropped in two baskets to make the score 8-5 at the quarter. The second period saw Latin continue to outplay Tech, and to look more and more like last year's champions. "Duke" Skinner pushed in two layup shots and "Tom" Wood electrified the crowd with a spectacular one-hander from half-court. Lathuras seemed like the only player on the court for Tech as he dropped in four more points to keep Tech in the game. The score was 17-11 in favor of Latin at the half.

In the third period, Latin began to waver, but they still hung on to the lead, mostly because of timely baskets by "Dick" Walsh. But Tech was com-

ing closer and closer to tying the score, and finally in the first minute of the last quarter, they did. In an effort to break the tie, Coach Patten sent in "Tom" Dowd, the set-shot artist. But this was to no avail, and even though "Fran" Collins broke his scoreless streak by sinking a basket and a foul, Technical walked off the court with a 33-27 victory.

"Jim" Fultin, who sank five field goals for ten points, led the Jayvees to their third straight win, 29-18.

BOX SCORE

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Skinner, rf	2	0	4
Walsh, D., lf	3	2	8
Locore, lf	1	0	2
Dowd, lf	0	0	0
Collins, E., c	1	1	3
Doherty, c	0	0	0
Sullivan, c	0	0	0
Collins, F., rg	1	1	3
MacLeod, lg	2	0	4
Wood, lg	1	1	3
Fox, lg	0	0	0
	11	5	27

Latin Beats Roxbury Memorial

Latin School broke its losing streak today, as it defeated Roxbury Memorial, 42-38. Center "Elmore" Collins was the glory man as he dropped in 17 points for the highest total scored by a single player in a Latin School game this season.

"Elmore" started the scoring when he pushed in two lay-up shots to give the Latins a quick 4-0 lead. After Selig, the sharp-shooter from Roxbury, swished one, "Fran" Collins, Skinner, "Elmore" again, Wood, Walsh, and Walsh again, sank baskets to make the score 16-2 in Latin's favor. It appeared then that the game wouldn't even be close. But in the second period, the scoring was divided more evenly between the two teams. "Duke" Skinner and "Elmore" Collins dropped in two more baskets apiece, but Selig sank three two-pointers and the score at the half was 24-13, Latin leading.

The third period saw Latin add to its lead as "Ed" Sullivan and "Joe" Doherty broke into the scoring column. "Elmore," however, still continued to set the pace, and his four more baskets helped to make the third period score 39-19. In the last period, with a twenty-point lead, Coach Patten decided to rest his regulars. But Memorial suddenly came to life, and in an amazingly short time shortened Latin's lead to a meager two points. At this point, the Latin School regulars came back into the game, and led by "Duke"

Skinner, they successfully froze the ball to ward off any possible Memorial threat. Just as the final whistle blew, "Jerry" Manishin threw in a rebound to give Latin a 42-38 victory.

Double Dribbles

Today's win gave Latin School a 3-2 record in the Boston Conference. Memorial's record is now 1-4.

All the managers are kept busy during the game, as "Neil" O'Keefe is the official timer, "Joe" Hennessey, keeps the scoring notes for the Register, and "Jack" Tierney has the important job of bringing the towel during time outs.

In the foul shot department, Latin made good on four out of eight attempts, while Roxbury sank only six out of seventeen.

"Eddie" Ayers, high-scorer with 6 points, led the Jayvees to their fourth straight win, 17-14.

BOX SCORE

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Skinner, rf	4	1	9
Manishin, rf	1	0	2
Walsh, D., lf	2	0	4
Walsh, T., lf	0	1	1
Sullivan, lf	1	0	2
Collins, E., c	8	1	17
Wood, c	1	0	2
Doherty, c	0	1	1
Collins, F., rg	2	0	4
MacLeod, lg	0	0	0
Dowd, lg	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	19	4	42

Latin Vanquishes Roslindale

Playing at Roslindale High School today, the Purple and White completely outclassed the Roslindale team from start to finish to post an impressive 43-24 victory.

Because of the strangeness of the Roslindale gym, Latin had a little trouble getting started today. Both teams were missing plenty of shots at the start, but Captain "Franny" Collins gave Latin the lead when he sank a foul shot. This lead was short-lived,

however, as a Rossie player sank two foul shots to give Roslindale the lead. Then "Franny" tied it up with another foul shot. A split-second later, "Dick" Walsh, with his first basket of the day, put us in the lead, which was never again to be threatened. The first period closed with Latin on the long end of a 6-4 score.

"Chester" MacLeod started the scoring in the second period with a beautiful half-court set shot, that even had

the Latin rooters blinking their eyes in amazement. Then "Duke" Skinner got into the act with a smooth lay-up shot to make the score read Latin 10, Roslindale 4. "Rossie" came back with two baskets, but still the half-time score showed Latin with a 12-8 edge.

"Tom" Wood, who started the second half in place of the injured "Elmore" Collins, dropped in two foul shots for the B.L.S. cause at the start of the half, and from this point on, Latin drew further and further away from Roslindale. Using the fast break to good advantage, the Latins continually set up deadeyes "Duke" Skinner and "Dick" Walsh. Early in the last period, Sullivan threw in two foul shots, and a little later, Wood threw in one to make the score read Latin 25, Rossie 13. A loud cheer went up from the Latin bench as "Joe Doherty sank his first basket of the year. From then on, it was all "Dick" Walsh in regard to the scoring. After Doherty's basket, "Dick" dropped in four baskets and five charity tosses to make the final score Latin 43, Roslindale 24.

Double Dribbles

Latin sank 17 foul shots out of 31 attempts while Roslindale made good on 8 out of 16 tries.

"Elmore" Collins' injury proved to

be a "charley-horse," which should allow him to return soon.

The Jayvees seemed to have trouble today with a Roslindale player by the name of Susi, who weighs about 260. Everytime Ayers tried to come down court with the ball, Susi stood in his way, and "Eddie" bounced off him like a rubber ball. The Jayvee score was Roslindale 36, Latin 23. "Jim" Faltin was high-scorer for the losers with eight points.

"Dick" Walsh's 18 points today topped the previous high set by "Elmore" Collins in the Memorial game.

LINE-UP

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Skinner, rf	4	1	9
Sullivan, rf	0	2	2
Walsh, J., rf	0	0	0
Walsh, D., lf	6	6	18
Locore, lf	0	0	0
Doherty, lf	1	0	2
Collins, E., c	0	0	0
Wood, c	1	3	5
Walsh, T., c	0	0	0
Collins, F., rg	0	3	3
Dowd, rg	0	0	0
Manishin, rg	0	0	0
MacLeod, lf	1	2	4
Fox, lg	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	13	17	43

Latin Topped by B. C. High

Fighting all the way, the Purple and White made B.C. High, probable Boston Conference Champion, work hard to register a 37-29 victory.

"Fran" Collins started the scoring with two foul shots, and although B.C. High came back quickly with a basket and a foul shot, Latin School retained the lead because of a basket by Wood and a foul shot by Walsh. B.C. High then suddenly got hot and sank three quick baskets, but "Dick" Walsh threw in two baskets, both of them terrific shots to tie the score at 11-11 at the quarter. In the second period, B.C. High took a commanding lead, which they never again relinquished. This

single period proved to be the difference in the game as the Eaglets tallied 10 points to Latin's 1. Latin's single point came on a foul shot by Dowd. The score at the end of the half was B.C. High 21, Latin 12.

In the third period, B.C. High started to make the game look like a rout, as they scored seven more quick points. But towards the end of the period, Walsh sank two more baskets while Skinner also sank one to give the Latin rooters something to cheer about. The score at the end of the third period was 30-19. In the last period, Latin took the play away from B.C. High, and out-scored those worthies to the

tune of 10-7. Skinner started things for Latin with two foul shots, after which Wood and Collins each pushed in a basket. After two B.C. High baskets, Doherty and Locore each sank a foul shot. Then Lacore put one through the nets to make the final score B.C. High 37, Latin 29.

Double Dribbles

Latin made 11 out of 19 foul shots good, while B.C. High was successful in 3 out of 6 attempts.

Although Ayers scored thirteen points today, the Jayvees still lost, 36-26.

"Ed" Collins' leg was still bothering him today, and so he didn't play very

much. This, of course, was no help to Latin School.

BOX SCORE

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Skinner, rf	1	2	4
Sullivan, rf	0	0	0
Walsh, D., lf	4	2	10
Locore, lf	1	1	3
Collins, F., c	1	3	5
Dowd, c	0	1	1
Wood, rg	2	0	4
Collins, E., rg	0	0	0
Walsh, T., rg	0	0	0
MacLeod, lg	0	1	1
Doherty, lg	0	1	1
	9	11	29

Latin Easily Defeats Brighton

From the first minute of the game, it was apparent that Latin was by far the better team, and so the Purple and White romped to an easy 41-24 victory.

For the third successive game, "Fran" Collins got Latin's first points, as he scored on the end of a fast pass play. After a Brighton basket, Walsh put in two foul shots and "Elmore" Collins pivoted to sink one to make the score 6-2 in favor of Latin. Brighton, after missing four successive foul shots, finally got one, and then "Charlie" MacLeod threw in a running one-hander to make the score 8-3 at the quarter. In the second quarter, after Brighton's Sullivan had closed the gap to 8-5, "Dick" Walsh calmly dropped in two shots from the corner. Then Brighton scored again to make the score 12-7. Latin proceeded to double their own score while limiting Brighton to the minimum; namely, nothing at all. This rally was highlighted by two more sensational baskets by "Dick" Walsh and two lay-ups by "Flash" Skinner. The score at the end of the half was 24-7.

In the second half, Coach Patten started the second team, that had "Tom" Dowd at center, "Joe" Doherty and "Tom" Walsh at forwards, and "Gerry" Manishin and "Dick" Fox at guards. Brighton suddenly got hot and

dropped the sphere through the nets three times; but after "Tom" Walsh had dropped a foul shot, the Latin first team came back on the floor. "Duke" Skinner got a basket to make the score 27-14; and after another Brighton basket, his two foul shots, plus two by "Elmore" Collins, and one by MacLeod, gave Latin a 32-16 lead at the three period mark. "Elmore" Collins threw one through the nets, a la "Ed" Sadowski, to start the scoring in the last period. After two Brighton baskets, "Tom" Wood came into the game to become the lucky seventh to score for Latin. With a fourteen-point lead, Latin decided to rest and coast through the rest of the game by merely keeping the ball away from Brighton. This strategy worked; and at the final bell, Latin was the victor 41-24.

Double Dribbles

Sullivan and Lacore are no longer on the Latin School squad.

The Jayvees came back into the winning column today with a 30-12 win, as Ayers and Faltin led the scoring with six points apiece.

In the first half today, after MacLeod's basket, a time-out was called. The scorer asked MacLeod if he scored the last basket to which "Chester" arrogantly replied: "*Certainly, who else?*"

LINE-UP							
<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>				
Collins, E., rf	4	2	10	Skinner, rg	3	3	9
Walsh, T., rf	0	1	1	Wood, rg	1	0	2
Walsh, R., lf	5	1	12	Manishin, rg	0	0	0
Doherty, lf	0	0	0	MacLeod, lg	1	1	3
Collins, F., c	0	0	4	Walsh, J., lg	0	0	0
Dowd, c	0	0	0	Fox, lg	0	0	0
					—	—	—
					16	9	41

Latin Defeated by South Boston

Latin School journeyed to South Boston to be defeated 41-35. The game was very close all the way. Latin even had a lead at the end of the first half; but Kotelly and Yakabowicz, the stellar forwards of South Boston, had a field day, and their fine playing gave South Boston the game.

Latin School scored first as "Duke" Skinner tallied after being set up by "Fran" Collins. After Southie capitalized on two foul shots, "Duke" put Latin in the lead again with his second basket. The score continued to see-saw back and forth for the rest of the quarter. While Southie was taking chances on long shots, Latin was calmly waiting for the breaks, and this policy paid off as "Dick" Walsh and "Elmore" Collins were omnipresent under the basket. The score was tied at the end of the quarter 10-10. The second quarter was a replica of the first one as the lead changed hands again and again. "Elmore" pivoted to sink one for the first points of the quarter; and after Southie tied it up again, "Elmore" duplicated the shot. It seemed as though a pass to Collins was as good as a score. South Boston took a one-point lead then, when they made good on three foul shots; but "Chester" MacLeod tied it up with his first point of the day. A few seconds later "Chester" amazed every one when he knocked down a Southie pass and dribbled all the way up the court, and ended the play with a sweet hook shot, that even the South Boston fans applauded. "Tom" Wood added to Latin's lead with two foul shots; and at the half, Latin had a 19-17 lead.

South Boston got the "jump" in the second half as they quickly dropped in two baskets to take a two-point lead. "Dick" Walsh swished one to tie the score, but Latin didn't score again after that until Southie had a commanding eight-point lead. At this point, "Woodie" sank five quick points to keep Latin in the game, but the score was South Boston 31, Latin 26 after three periods. The last period was somewhat closer; but still, Southie had a 10-9 edge in the scoring. "Dick" Walsh and "Chester" MacLeod did the bulk of Latin's scoring in this period. The final score read South Boston 41, Latin 35.

Double Dribbles

The Jayvees won a thriller, 22-18, as Ridge, Ashley, and Ayers shared scoring honors with five points apiece. For the first time this year, the Jayvee game went on before the Varsity game. . . . "Dick" Walsh has now amassed a total of 98 points for the season. With six games remaining, he stands a good chance of breaking Latin School's record of 157 points, set by "Bob" Woolf three years ago. . . . Latin sank only seven out of fifteen foul shot attempts, while Southie sank seven out of eleven.

LINE-UP			
<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Collins, E., rf	3	0	6
Walsh, R., lf	4	1	9
Collins, F., c	0	1	1
Skinner, rg	2	0	4
Wood, rg	3	3	9
MacLeod, lg	2	2	6
Manishin, lg	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	14	7	35

Latin Outclassed by Commerce

Latin played its second game of the season at the Garden, and kept its record there . . . by losing again. In a rough contest, featured by 33 personal fouls, Latin sank only five baskets, and could not stop Bornstein, Commerce's high scorer, who dropped in five baskets himself.

In the first period, Latin failed to get a single basket; but "Fran" and "Elmore" Collins each sank two foul shots to keep the team within shooting distance of Commerce, which scored seven points. In the second quarter, Commerce added to its lead; and even though "Dick" Walsh got Latin's first basket, the team was still missing many shots. Towards the end of the half, "Dick" Fox broke into the scoring column for the first time this year, when he sank a foul shot. The score at the end of the half showed Commerce with 16 points against Latin's eight.

The Purple and White made their best showing in the third period. They matched Commerce, point for point, as "Dick" Walsh sank two more baskets and "Duke" Skinner dropped in a long set shot. Latin also controlled the backboards during this period, and their defensive play stopped Bornstein's scoring for the time-being. Shortly after the start of the last period,

"Gerry" Manishin popped in a rebound, and the score was then Latin 16, Commerce 25. But at this point, Commerce went on a scoring spree, and got thirteen more points, before "Fran" Collins sank two foul shots to make the final score Commerce 38, Latin 18.

Double Dribbles

"Sam" Marinella came down today to see the game. His brother, "Mike," is on the Commerce team and is pretty good. He scored nine points today, playing about half the game. . . . Latin made good on only 8 out of 18 foul attempts, while Commerce got 14 out of 17 attempts. . . . B.L.S. now had a .500 percentage. . . . five wins and five losses.

LINE-UP

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Collins, E., rf	0	2	2
Wood, rf	0	0	0
Walsh, R., lf	3	0	6
Collins, F., c	0	4	4
Manishin, c	1	0	2
Skinner, rg	1	1	3
MacLeod, lf	0	0	0
Fox, lg	0	1	1
Dowd, lg	0	0	0
	5	8	18

Brandeis Defeated 40-30

Playing back in "home grounds," Latin School broke their losing streak today, as "Dick" Walsh put on a one-man exhibition to score 21 points and bring himself closer to the B.L.S. record of 157 points.

After Brandeis scored first, "Dick" got his first basket and "Chester" MacLeod added a free throw. Brandeis looked good in the first period; and despite three baskets by "Elmore" Collins, they had a 10-9 lead at the quarter. In the second period Latin started to roll; and they rang up sixteen points before the startled Brandeis team could take the ball away from them. "Dick"

Walsh started this rally with a nice little set shot from the corner, and then "Fran" Collins pushed in a rebound for two more points. "Gerry" Manishin got into the act with a beautiful left-handed hook shot that brought down the house; but after that it was all "Dick" Walsh, who popped in both floor goals and foul shots with deadly accuracy. The score, as the Jayvees came onto the floor, showed Latin with 25-12 advantage.

"Dick" Walsh and "Fran" Collins started the scoring in the last period with a basket apiece, but Brandeis got "hot" in this period; and paced by

"Pete" Anastasia, who had an uncanny set shot, they closed the Purple and White's lead to 31-22. In the last period, "Duke" Skinner got into the scoring column with a foul shot; and then, encouraged by Skinner's point, "Joe" Doherty also sank a foul shot, to put his name in the records. The remainder of the game was featured only by two baskets dropped in by Walsh, which put "Dick" over the twenty-point mark. The final score was Latin 40, Brandeis Vocational 30.

Double Dribbles

Manishin's basket gave plenty of incentive to his Jayvees, as they romped 32-18. "Ronnie" Ashley was high-scorer with eight points. . . . Latin got 8 out of 19 foul attempts today, while Brandeis got 4 out of 10. . . . "Dick"

Walsh now has 125 points with four games left. "Dick" needs to average eight points in these four games to tie the record.

BOX SCORE

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Collins, E., rf	3	0	6
Wood, rf	0	0	0
Doherty, rf	0	1	1
Walsh, R., lf	9	3	21
Collins, F., c	2	1	5
Skinner, rg	1	2	4
Walsh, T., rg	0	0	0
Dowd, rg	0	0	0
Walsh, J., rg	0	0	0
MacLeod, lg	0	1	1
Manishin, lg	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	16	8	40

Latin Loses to Hyde Park

The Purple and White basketball team made the long trip to Hyde Park today; but because of the scoring prowess of one "Shorty" Hunt, a towering 6'4" giant, formerly at Latin School, were outscored 49-33.

After Hyde Park had scored first, "Duke" Skinner tied it up when 'set up' by "Elmore" Collins. After two more baskets for the 'enemy,' "Duke" returned the favor when he passed the ball to "Elmore," who pivoted and threw it overhand through the hoop. But following Collins' basket, Hyde Park and the aforementioned Hunt got 'hot', the latter getting four baskets himself to give the home team a 17-4 lead at the quarter. The second period was a little better for Latin School, even though Hyde Park outscored them 14-9 in this stanza. "Woodie" started the scoring in this period with a foul shot; and then after a Hyde Park basket, "Chester" MacLeod galloped in to take a pass from "Fran" Collins and put the ball through the net for two more points. But Hunt was still too accurate in his shots for Latin's well-being; and, despite baskets by Skinner and "Dick" Walsh, the score was 31-13 in favor of Hyde Park

at the half.

In the third period Latin put on their greatest effort of the season; and, as Coach Patten said, they looked like a ball club for the first time in many games. MacLeod, who seems to have 'arrived', started the scoring, as the Purple and White worked a dazzling pass play that ended with "Chester" breaking loose to receive a pass and then putting the ball smoothly in the basket. For the rest of the period Latin's calm passing and aggressive defensive work caused Hyde Park to strain and consequently foul the Purple and White players. Latin stalwarts "Fran" Collins, "Dick" Walsh, and "Elmore" Collins made good on these fouls as the Hyde Park coach plainly showed his distress on the bench by pleading with his players to get on the ball. But all good things have to end, and soon Hyde Park regained the form exhibited in the first half. Even though Latin kept up with them in the scoring department, Hyde Park's early lead was good enough to make the final score a decisive 49-33.

Double Dribbles

The Jayvees, sparked by "Red" Ridge and "Eddie" Ayers, won a see-

saw contest 23-22, even though they were coached by "Tom" Dowd, who took the absent "Gery" Manishin's place.

Latin was impressive in the foul department today, sinking 11 out of 15, while Hyde Park got only 9 out of 17.

"Joe" Hennessy, the Latin timer in O'Keefe's absence, pulled a boner when he blew the horn for an automatic timeout in the Jayvee game. The referee, tired because he had to work both games alone, just laughed at "Joe" and

continued the game.

LINE-UP

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Skinner, rf	2	1	5
Fox, rf	0	1	1
Collins, F., lf	0	1	1
Collins, E., c	3	2	8
Wood, c	0	2	2
Dowd, c	0	0	0
Walsh, R., rg	1	2	4
MacLeod, lf	5	2	12
	—	—	—
	11	1	33

Latin Soundly Beaten by Dorchester

The jinx of playing in the Garden, plus a leg injury to "Fran" Collins, which kept him out of the game, plus a good Dorchester five, all combined today, as Dorchester High whipped Latin School to the tune of 47-23.

In the first period, while the lads from Dorchester were dropping in eighteen points from every conceivable spot on the court, Latin School was shut out until Super-Sub "Gerry" Manishin pushed in a rebound in the last few seconds of the quarter. There was one spot during this period when Dorchester took six shots at the basket and got six baskets. The second period was little better as far as Latin School was concerned; and at the half-way mark, the score had mounted to 31-5, with the future looking very gloomy. "Dick" Walsh scored the other three points, on a floor goal and a foul shot, the floor goal coming via a set shot from the corner, Walsh's favorite shot.

The second half started exactly the way that the first half did; but this time the Dorchester monopoly on points was broken up after the Red and Black scored only six. At this point, "Chester" MacLeod dropped in two foul shots; and then, seconds later, dented the twine with a flashy hook shot, that brought, at long last, some cheers from the Latin bench. The score at the three-quarter mark was 40-10; but in the last period, the Purple and White really put on some speed. They showed

that they definitely weren't as bad as they had looked during the first three periods. Latin showed that there was something in the wind when they equalled each basket sunk by Dorchester with one of their own. Then, for the first part of the quarter and towards the end of the game, Latin School really got hot, as baskets by Walsh, MacLeod, Wood, and Skinner ended the game in a blaze of glory for B.L.S., even though the final score still read Latin 23, Dorchester 47.

Double Dribbles

Counting Fox's foul point in the waning seconds of the third period, every one of the starting five scored in the last quarter.

The only bright thing about the game today besides your writer's sport coat was Dick Walsh's nine points, every one of which brings him closer to the record.

LINE-UP

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Skinner, rf	1	1	3
Manishin, rf	1	0	2
Dowd, rf	0	0	0
Walsh, R., lf	4	1	9
Wood, c	1	0	2
Collins, E., c	0	0	0
Fox, rg	0	1	1
Walsh, T., rg	0	0	0
Walsh, J., rg	0	0	0
MacLeod, lg	2	2	6
Doherty, lg	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	9	5	23

Latin Upsets Trade

The Purple and White basketball team was at its greatest during the second half of today's game, as it came back strongly (mild understatement) to wipe out Trade's early lead, and then, when the pressure was on, to outplay and outjump the visitors for a surprising upset. It was "Tom" Dowd, playing his last game on the Latin School Basketball Court, who inspired his mates to victory with the greatest 'clutch' performance turned in all year by a Latin player.

The score was 5-0 in favor of Trade before "Tom" Wood scored Latin's first points on a set shot from the corner. Trade added four more points then before "Woodie" duplicated his first basket. The score at the quarter, 11-4, indicated that Trade was going to run away with the game; but "Fran" Collins, who was at the State House today in the role of schoolboy senator, finally got into the game, and his presence steadied the team to the extent that they stopped the Trade team from adding to its lead. "Chester" MacLeod, "Dick" Walsh, and "Fran" each got a basket at the start of the period; but Trade lengthened the gap again right away with three successive baskets of their own. At this point, Dowd, Walsh, and Doherty each dropped in a foul shot to make the score 23-16 in favor of Trade at the half.

In the third period, the Purple and White put on a drive that left every on-looker gasping for breath from the suddenness of it. "Dick" Walsh started things with two beautiful baskets, each one of which followed one by the opposition. Then "Duke" Skinner put in a long shot and "Franny" Collins added a charity toss to close the gap to three points. Right here "Tom" Dowd knocked down a Trade pass and

threw the ball with bullet-like speed to the "Duke," who calmly dropped it through the cords to make the score 27-26. A few seconds later, during a scramble under the basket, "Chester" MacLeod leaped high in the air to bat in a rebound, as the gym exploded with cheers. The period ended seconds later with the score 28-27, as Latin was in the lead for the first time.

The same inspired play of Latin School continued in the last period as "Tom" Dowd, who was all over the court and complete master of the backboards, dropped in three important baskets in a row to take the spirit right out of the Trade team. The final score was 41-38; and Latin had shown a preview of what was in store for English next week and the rest of the League next year.

Double Dribble

The Jayvees were nipped today, 13-12, as "Joe" Soble scored eight points for the losers.

Both teams were 'off' in the foul department today, as Latin got only 7 for 17, and Trade made good on only 5 out of 19 tries.

MacLeod's 10 points today tied him for scoring honors with "Dick" Walsh. That's two games in a row as high-scorer for "Chester."

LINE-UP

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Skinner, rf	3	0	6
Fox, rf	0	0	0
Walsh, R., lf	3	4	10
Collins, E., c	0	0	0
Collins, F., c	1	1	3
Wood, rg	2	0	4
Dowd, rg	3	1	7
Doherty, rg	0	1	1
MacLeod, lg	5	0	10
	—	—	—
	17	7	41

Latin Bows to English

After keeping the score close for three periods, the Latin School basketball team tired in the last period today and succumbed to the Blue and Blue of English, 46-27.

English went right to work at the start of the contest and held a 9-0 lead before Latin even took a shot. "Chester" MacLeod got the Purple and White's first points on a lay-up; but English had a good lead of 13-4 at the quarter. There wasn't much scoring in the second period; and the little there was was divided evenly between the two teams. "Dick" Walsh got five points in this period, but it was "Joe" Doherty who really brought down the house when he dribbled all the way up the court (against English that itself is pretty good) and then ended the play with a nice hook-shot for a two-pointer. The score at the half showed English eight points up, 19-11.

In the third period, Latin's lucky period all year, the Purple and White made a strong effort to tie the score, and nearly succeeded. "Dick" Walsh and "Tom" Dowd got baskets to offset four points garnered by the opposition at the start of the period, and then "Chester" MacLeod dented the twine on a beautiful shot from half-court. "Fran" Collins then got into the scoring column with a basket and a foul; and seconds later, "Dick" Walsh set the B.L.S. all-time scoring record with his tenth and eleventh points of the game. This drive made the third period score 25-22, still in favor of the Blue and Blue. In the last period, however, it was all English, as they scored 21 points to turn the game into a rout. The final score, once again, was 46-27.

Double Dribbles

The Jayvees lost yesterday at English, 16-10, probably because Cunningham lost his pants. "Jim" Faltin was high scorer for Latin with four points.

Coach Patten started "Tom" Dowd and "Gerry" Manishin today in their 'Swan-song' for B.L.S.

Latin made good in 7 out of 15 foul attempts today, as English sank 14 out of 24.

HIGH LIGHTS

"Dick" Walsh's record-breaking total of points this year consisted of sixty floor goals and forty foul shots or 160 points. This is two more points than scored by "Bob" Woolf three years ago.

The five top-scorers this year were "Dick" Walsh, Class II, with 160 points; "Duke" Skinner, Class III, with 87 points; "Chester" MacLeod, Class II, with 62 points; "Elmore" Collins, Class II, with 58 points; and Captain "Fran" Collins, Class I, with 55 points.

There were four 'iron men' this year who participated in all fifteen games. These were "Dick" Walsh, "Chester" MacLeod, "Duke" Skinner, and "Tom" Wood, all of whom are returning next year.

In passing, we cannot fail to mention the managers who worked so hard during the season. These were "Jack" Tierney, "Neil" O'Keefe, "Joe" Hennessey, and "Gerry" Pearlman. Like most of the team, all of the managers will return next year.

LINE-UP

<i>Latin</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Skinner, rf	0	0	0
Wood, rf	0	0	0
Walsh, J., rf	0	0	0
Walsh, R., lf	4	4	12
Collins, F., c	1	1	3
Doherty, c	2	0	4
Dowd, rg	1	0	2
Collins, E., rg	0	0	0
Walsh, T., rg	0	0	0
Semans, rg	0	1	1
Manishin, lg	0	0	0
MacLeod, lg	2	0	4
Fox, lg	0	1	1
	—	—	—
	10	7	27

Track

Latin Trackmen Edged by Tech

January 21, 1948 -- Boston Tech, leading B.L.S. by one point, swept three relays to score 137 points ahead of runner-up Latin. This meet was conspicuous for the first renewal of the mile run since 1916. John Horne, Tech, and Roger Cossaboom, Latin, ran 1-2 respectively, the winning time being 5:12.4.

Purple high-scorers were "Chet" Phillips — 10¾, "Dave" Kelley — 8, "Steve" Meterparel—5¾, and Robert Pearson—5¾.

Clyde Crawford, a perennial favorite, nosed Co-Captain "Gerry" Diamond in the A-B 50 yard dash with a 5.8 performance, while Jack Goldberg burned up the Class C hurdles in 6.6s.

English Doubles B.L.S. Score

Last year's state champs raced to victory over the Purple, who garnered 81½ points for a second place in the quadrangular meet. The Armory contest was marked by a new Class C hurdle record. Memorial's "Don" Shelton edged Jack Goldberg with a record breaking time of 6.5 (former mark of 6.6 was set last year by "Dick" Dionisio

of South Boston).

Latin tracksters captured only two firsts in the whole meet, Jack Goldberg and Bob Greene doing the honors. High-scorers for the Purple were: Jack Goldberg — 8½, "Stan" Gelles — 6, "Dave" Kelley—5, "Chet" Phillips—5, and "Bob" Greene—5.

Latin in Romp Over Opponents on Armory Track

February 6—Boston Latin rolled up 184 points, almost twice the combined total of its three competitors, in the quadrangular track meet at the 101st Infantry Armory. Trade was second with 49 points, Dorchester had 33, and Commerce 31.

The meet produced a trio of double-winners, all from Latin School: "Dave" Kelly and "Jack" Goldberg, football stalwarts, and "Chet" Phillips, Class D

speedster.

"Flash" Goldberg had an easy time of it, winning the hurdles in 6.8. "Gerry" Diamond, fleetfooted member of Class I and co-captain of our track team, looked like a prospective Reggie champ as he roared across the tape to win the A-B "50."

The Purple ran riot in winning 18 out of a possible 27 events.

English Wins Quad Meet

February 21—Boston English slipped into high gear and swept the final quadrangular track meet of the in-town season with 150½ points. The battle for second place was settled at the 101st Infantry Armory when Latin outdistanced Technical High, 72½-54½. Trade School pulled up fourth with 18½ points.

The Purple took first place in only five events; "Gerry" Diamond broke the tape in 5.8 to win the A-B 50-yard

dash, and "Cy" DelVecchio edged Saunders of Trade to take the broad jump. In Class C "Jack" Goldberg won the 50 yard hurdles in 6.8 by the proverbial "whisker." We fared better in Class D with "Howie" Shurdut winning the hurdles and "Bob" Pearsons, the 50-yard dash.

However, it remained for an English lad, "Ed" Griffith, to clock the best time of the day with 24.9 in the 220-yard run.

Our Lords and Masters



Paul Frank Pearson . . . teaches history and economics in 303 . . . Resides in West Roxbury . . . Born in Keene, N. H. . . . Graduated Keene High School '21 . . . Won a 4-year scholarship to Dartmouth . . . During his senior year at college, was assistant in History Department . . . Participated in track and cross-country event . . . Received A.M. from Harvard '32 . . . Has done graduate work in History for B. U. . . . Member of College Board '38, '42 . . . Manager of an Appalachian Mountain Club Camp . . . Head of B.L.S. History Department . . . Married, has one daughter . . . Hobbies: mountain climbing, gardening, golf, and photography . . . Glad to be at Latin School and states that it has measured up to all his expectations.

Francis Joseph Sullivan . . . teaches french in 232 . . . Born in Boston . . . Resides in West Roxbury . . . B.L.S. '19 . . . A.B., Harvard '23 . . . Ed.M., B.U. '24 . . . Earned golf and track letters at Harvard . . . Coaches golf squad here . . . Hobbies: following sports and reading.



Frank Edward Sullivan . . . teaches english in 222 . . . Born in Boston . . . Resides in Dorchester . . . Attended B.L.S. until he moved to New York . . . A.B., Providence College '31 . . . Managed baseball team there . . . Served as radio and radar operator in Merchant Marine . . . Hobbies: radio and classical music . . . Lauds Latin School and wisely states that it affords a wonderful opportunity for those willing to work and accept responsibility.

EDITORIALS_{OB}

Let's Open Up

When B.L.S. plays its next game, whether it be in football, baseball, or hockey, it will be played in the "EXCLUSIVE" Boston Conference League. When we say "exclusive," we mean just that—exclusive of all spirit, zest, and competition.

Some games have good attendance, but others are watched only by the coaches and umpires. Only two of our baseball games played at Draper, last season, were attended by more than twenty-five people. The day after a game the papers carried a box score, usually under a five-inch story of the Medford-Somerville game. Of all the radio sports programs only one announces the winner and the winning pitcher if it is a City of Boston game.

Why is it that these games get so little publicity? Why are they watched by so few people? The answer is simple.

The game has no value. The teams play for a title which means little or nothing at all. Of course the players do their best, the teams are well managed, and the games are well umpired. But unless NEW SCHEDULES ARE MADE, schedules containing out-of-town teams and even teams from different states, sports in Boston will always be a farce and a poorly attended one at that.

The best example we can give you of the right way to do things is Medford High. Their football game with the Robert E. Lee High School of Jacksonville made the front pages and was broadcast over the radio. What Boston team can boast of anything of that sort?

Latin School holds a state championship in basketball. You would think a champion would meet all comers. But no! We are left to play the same old, drab, unchanging schedule. Let's open up the Chinese Wall around Boston schoolboy sports. The world isn't bounded by the Charles and Neponset Rivers.

The Power of Words

Since medieval times it has become increasingly apparent that "the pen is mightier than the sword." The many great generals who, in the past, have seemed to wield so much power and to control the destiny of nations were, in reality, but the tools of the philosopher whose precepts they worked by. All through the history of the world this same pattern has been followed.

For instance, the French Revolution was a direct product of such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot; it was their writing which inspired the fanatical leaders of the masses to their sometimes noble, sometimes base deeds. It was likewise a writer who fanned to a flame the anti-slavery movement before the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln, himself, once greeted Harriet Beecher Stowe as "the little woman who started the Civil War." One need only turn today to the press—the mighty press—which molds public opinion almost completely; true, many times its influence is bad, but it still cannot be denied that it is a vital factor in our life today.

These men may be little-known, obscure philosophers; but so long as there is a publisher to print their writings, they will be influential. It has ever been the

thinker who has been the constructive, and often the destructive, force in civilization. Almost all modern and ancient ideologies have been based on the principles of some writer. Think of government; do you think of Alexander and Napoleon? No! You think of Plato, of Machiavelli, of Marx, of Locke, and of More. Thus it is apparent how the philosophers' thoughts permeate our everyday life.

We can thus see the tremendous power of words, a power that can be used for good or for evil, depending on the man. Today, one who has mastered words, one who has the ability to express thoughts clearly in effective language is helping to master the world.



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Something of Interest.



Armistice Day was the occasion for a speech by Lt. Jameson of the U. S. Navy. A graduate of Boston Latin School and Bates College, where he starred in football, the Lieutenant played an important part in the North African invasion of 1942. In fact, because it was his duty to clear harbors of naval obstructions, he was one of the first men ashore. His talk dealt with the war's destructive toll on our men.

Special congratulations to David Yphantis and Stanley Zisk for their success in the recent Westinghouse Science Scholarship Competition. We are all proud that Latin School has contributed two of the three finalists from the New England area, and two of the forty chosen in the entire United States. Much credit is due Mr. Carroll and all the teachers of our science department who keep Latin School in the forefront of this important field.

On Dec. 23 the pre-Christmas assembly was held. The program consisted of movies entitled "The Holy Land" and "Christmas Carols". The Glee Club did its part by singing the perennial Christmas favorites. The Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Trongone provided the instrumental entertainment. In the afternoon the much prized "Grinnell Trophy" was awarded to Paul Michael Mabry for his interest in athletics and his general adaptability.

It is small wonder that Debating

Club has achieved so much success. Under the capable leadership of Pres. Cyrus Del Vecchio; Vice-Pres. Robert Lyons; and Sec.-Treas. Stanley Tobin, it has already humbled Brookline High School and Girls High School with its forceful arguments. In Rm. 206 Monday afternoon can be heard the charges and counter-charges that result in a keener awareness of world problems.

In early November, the Massachusetts Civic League Students' Committee on State Affairs held its organizational meeting. There were school delegates from all parts of the Commonwealth. Geoffrey Paul of B.L.S. was elected chairman of the organization for the coming year. Other Latin School delegates are: Shaun Burns, Cyrus Del Vecchio, Robert Lydiard, Richard McCabe, Norman Milgram, Robert Resnick, and Stanley Tobin.

The purpose of the group is to stimulate in high school students a greater appreciation and understanding of the workings of our state government.

The second in the 1947-1948 series of Junior or Town Hall Meetings took place in the Assembly Hall on Jan. 9, 1948. As usual, the Debating Club kept to its admirable policy of picking a topic of current interest and importance as the subject for discussion. "Plan 'E' for Boston" was keenly contested by Stanley Tobin, Robert Lydiard, and Gareth Green on the affirmative and Paul Donahue, Robert Lyons, and Norman Milgram on the negative.

The Enigma of Nuremberg

By R. LYDIARD AND R. ROSENBERG



ON AN October morning in 1945, a tall, neatly dressed man, a prosecutor on the International Military Tribunal at the Nuremberg war crimes trials, submitted his indictment against the notorious German "Geheimstadt-polized," better known as the S.S. That man, Major Warren E. Farr, an alumnus of Boston Latin '23, Harvard College, and Harvard Law School, played a leading role in one of the most hotly contested events of modern times; for at the Nuremberg War Trials, the victors established a precedent in world history by prosecuting the twenty-one individuals and six organizations suspected of having deliberately set out, as a renegade band, to wage an aggressive war.

Although violating rights of neutrals, waging undeclared war, breaking treaties, killing hostages, and committing crimes against humanity, such as murder, enslavement, and deportation for racial, religious, and political reasons, have been accepted as illegal, these trials are the first in which men have ac-

tually been tried for starting wars of aggression. This precedent was not made without opposition, even in the victorious nations, for the legality of the prosecutions has definitely been questioned.

As Mr. Farr pointed out, during our interview, the trial was sharply criticised as being *ex post facto*. The *ex post facto* law states that a man may not be tried for a crime that the law did not consider criminal when it was committed. The critics of the trial try to prove that, since the four victorious powers—Great Britain, Russia, France, and the United States—made it a punishable offense, after the cessation of hostilities, to wage aggressive war, and hence after the crimes were committed, there was no legal right to prosecute. On the other hand, the position of the Tribunal was that before the crimes had been committed, treaties had been signed denouncing war. Witness the Brian-Kellogg peace pact and several others: but even aside from these rea-

(continued on page 48)



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS
W. MOGAN

Jan. 5: Ye R. R. R. was going to wish all a Happy New Year, but report cards were given out first.

Jan. 6: The Phys. Ed. department has bloodhounds on the loose for all escapees . . . Today one senior, caught without an excuse, was forced to plead insanity. (Any senior without an excuse *must* be crazy).

Jan. 7: By coincidence (of course) "Peaches" opened in a new show today, and school was dismissed at 12:30.

Jan. 8: The third floor was Rogue's Gallery today with Seniors showing the proofs of their year-book pictures.

Jan. 9: Heard in Room 209:
Student: "Sir, is it true that mosquitoes cry?"
Mr. Gordon: "Quite possibly . . . I've seen a moth ball."

Jan. 13: The report that a B.L.S. student was trying to derail a car at Park Street this morning, because he had a Latin Test first period, is nothing but a nasty rumor . . . I was only trying to delay it a bit.

Jan. 14: Assembly today to inform Class I that ". . . boys who join the U. S. Coast Guard will have the greatest chance of their lives to . . . meet the girls in New London, Connecticut . . ."

Jan. 15: Those white papers you see in almost every Senior's pocket are

not racing forms, but Harvard blanks.

Jan. 16: What a honey ye R. R. R. took to the Mid-Winter prom tonight (and I don't mean a bee-hive.) I told her I was taking her to Johnson's afterwards, but she put up such a fuss that I had to take her to Liggett's.

Jan. 20: "How is it that you are late getting home from school?" an irate mother asked.
"I overslept." was the reply.

Jan. 21: Seniors were asked to go to Room 303 at the close of school today. False rumor had it that Mr. Pearson was going to present his choice for "Miss Social Studies of 1948."

Jan. 23: Five below zero today, and our out-door phys. ed. instructors have been lenient in allowing boys to wear ear-muffs . . . (provided they're white, of course.)

Jan. 26: NOTICE FROM THE OFFICE: Any member of an athletic team excused from Phys. Ed. and not present in his assigned study room, can expect the severest punishment. Mercilessly, he will be re-assigned to Phys. Ed.

Jan. 27: SCHOLARSHIPS: No senior should present himself as a candidate for scholarship to any college unless his average mark is above 70 (. . . or he is one heck of a halfback!!)

Jan. 28: Those boys who braved this morning's snow-storm as far as Sharaf's couldn't make it any further. They were near a state of collapse, so they collapsed at the State.

Jan 29: Harvard College application asked, "Why do you want to go to this college in particular?", and one very honest senior answered, "Because I was rejected by B. U."

Feb. 4: After settling all the trouble with Boston censors, Mr. Russo has resumed plans for producing "Julius Caesar," using Class IV-A trots as the script.

Feb. 5: NOTICE FROM THE OFFICE: In case of a "no-school" announcement, boys are reminded that they will still be marked absent, and the usual note from home explaining such will be required.

Feb. 6: Heard in the lunchroom:

MISS SULLIVAN: "We have everything on the menu today, sonny."

6TH CLASSMAN: "So I see . . . how about a clean one?"

Feb. 9: Candidates for the swimming team, who will meet today in Room 122, will please stop diving off the teacher's desk, as the floor has just been swept.

Feb. 10: Ye. R.R.R. herd the news today that he did nut win the speling bea condest and he demanz a re-cownt becoz he's one ov the best spellars in claas won!

Feb. 12 "Here comes the Lincoln Day Parade . . . where's auntie?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Goodness . . . can't we afford a flag?"

ENIGMA OF NUREMBERG *(Continued from page 46)*

sons, laws were dependent on custom. The recent trend has been to outlaw war.

This problem, and the question of whether the trials were legal or merely political devices to impress the Germans by shooting their leaders almost indiscriminately after mock trials, are still bitterly contested in legal and political circles.

Mr. Farr, now returned to private law practice in Boston, emphatically refuted the charges that the trials were wrongly conducted, with the statement that proceedings were carried on in "a most judicious manner." He went on to describe part of the mechanical set-up of the courtroom. Since every one had the right to know what was being said, chairs were fitted with earphones and four-buttoned panels for four different languages. It was unlikely that more than four languages would be spoken during one session. On the judges' bench were two lights, a yellow one to be flashed when the speech was beginning to get ahead of the interpreters, and a red one to stop

the proceedings entirely in favor of starting all over again. Those interpreters didn't always have an easy job.

To prove that the claims that they were political trials were invalid, Mr. Farr cited the fact that of the twenty-one defendants, Von Papen, Schlacht, and Fritsche were acquitted, and three of the six organizations were freed as innocent.

Since the major war crimes trials of 1945, in which a relatively small number was prosecuted, trials of groups and individuals have continued to go on separately in the different occupation zones, to end within a year. It should be mentioned in passing that the de-Nazification proceedings are independent of the war crimes trials and are for the purpose only of weeding out the ex-Nazi collaborators and to make sure that they will not be in a position of control again.

Yet as we hear again distant rumblings from the recent battlefields, we wonder if this outlook on war as a legal as well as a moral crime has made enough of an impression on the world.

J. F. COLLINS

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